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Y O U T H.

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1799.

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FRIEND IN NEED

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A FRIEND INDEED,

SCENE, *a study.*

Young LITTLETON (*entering to Ranger.*)

GOOD morrow, Ranger. What means this? Employed so early! Are you really resolved, then, to take up with study?

RANGER. Yes, dear Littleton; at last, and seriously.

Young LITTLETON. But, let me see what sort of study. (*Looking at the books on Ranger's desk.*) Blackstone's Commentaries: the Commercial Treaty: the Abridgement of the Statutes.—Oh, ho, seriously indeed! And, have

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you,

you, then, bid farewell to your Shakespeare, and Lord Chesterfield, with all that class.

RANGER. Yes, I assure you, Littleton. Those gentlemen are very proper for the sake of entertainment, or for those who, being born to expectations, need but study the belles lettres; but, for my part, I reflected seriously, at last, I saw I was obliged to make some choice of a profession; my good father is without a fortune, and has nothing but his practice in the law, which, notwithstanding, brings him in a handsome maintenance. I am resolved, at length, on his profession, and will give myself up to the application it requires.

Young LITTLETON. For my part, I have been admitted to the bar, and that is, sure, enough for me. I keep my uncle company, who treats me like a brother; and so loves me, that he cannot do without my presence, and particularly since indisposition has prevented him from going out. I frequently employ myself with him in reading: that delights us both, without much taking up my brain in thinking what will be my future destination. I am naturally indolent, I own; and care not much about the morrow.

RANGER. Such indifference is not very likely to be blamed in you; and, yet, be not displeased if I have no ambition to resemble you; for, Mr. Littleton is very rich, and has no other heir than you; which is not, as you know, the case respecting me, and what my father



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ther is possessed of. I must work, if I would live. I am already to be rated for too many follies in my conduct; and the loss of too much valuable time.

Young LITTLETON. You never were so frank before: but, a propos. Your father, I suppose, is coming home. I must confess I don't like much to see him: he has such a crabbed aspect, and looks at me, when I come to see you here, in such a way! *that*, I must own, prevents my coming frequently, when otherwise I should be glad to see you.

RANGER. I must not pretend to say his manners are conciliating, or his looks so winning as the features of your uncle, whom I love with all my heart. But, don't you be afraid: he will not be in town before to-morrow evening.

Young LITTLETON. Ah! in that case, we will take a walk to night.

RANGER. With all my heart.

Young LITTLETON. But, at present, I can stay a little with you, tell me what those follies in your conduct are, to which, this moment, you alluded so ingenuously.

RANGER. You shall hear them; and will say they merit a much harsher name. Three years ago, my father thought it time to sound me on my inclinations, recommending me a choice of Warwick lane, or Lincoln's inn. He dwelt most seriously on Warwick lane, as what would soonest make my fortune? since a little

brass, a pompous way of speaking, and a spacious wig, without much knowledge, were the things that most of all imposed upon the common class of people.

YOUNG LITTLETON. You would not consent, then, to become a doctor?

RANGER. Yes, indeed, I would; and did, and that more readily, since, on the other hand, he gave me an unfavourable picture of the law; not with respect to any want of probity in those that followed the profession, whose respectability he rather praised; but, with regard to the exceeding length of time required to get a man full practice, the great labour he must first of all submit to, and when every thing was done, the uncertainty at last of getting into practice.

YOUNG LITTLETON. You were, then, resolved on physic: what prevented you from taking to it?

RANGER. What prevented me! A piece of childishness, for which I actually blush, while I am speaking to you now. My father, who had never once lost sight, in his regard and value for me, of my education, and observed upon which side my inclination led me, said: it would be proper for me to get all my Greek and Latin books together, which had served me when at school, that we might look them over, and particularly so, the Greek; for, a physician should be well acquainted with the Greek, said he.

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Young LITTLETON. And, he was in the right; for, almost every word in the *Materia Medica* is taken from that language.

RANGER. Yes; but I had sold my school books, all without distinction, to get money for the billiard table; as my father made such spare provision for my pocket.

Young LITTLETON. That was not the best part of his conduct: so, too, has my uncle often said, when speaking of you.

RANGER. So that, when I found he wished to see my books, which I had made away with, fearing I might everlastingly displease him by a frank confession of the truth, I said I would not be a doctor.

Young LITTLETON. Having sold your books! By what slight circumstances may our choice of a profession hold!

RANGER. And to assign some plausible pretence for having changed my resolution, I informed him, two days afterward, that I had seriously debated with myself, that physic did not suit my turn and temper, that to pass my life in seeing human nature suffer every kind of illness, would procure my feeling bosom at too dear a price, the fortune physic might obtain me. He believed what I asserted, calling me, however, in his usual way of speech, an ass; and saying, that with such a feeling bosom as I had, I should not very quickly make a fortune in the world; that people should have now-a-days, a certain something of hard-heart-

A FRIEND IN NEED

edness, to make their way in this life ; but that after all, he did not mean to force my inclinations. You shall then be an attorney, said he ; and must prosecute a different kind of study. I consented on condition of no Greek and Latin books, or any thing of that kind. In my clerkship, time passed chearily enough ; for though my father thought I was intent upon the books he gave me,—in their stead, I studied Shakespeare, Otway, Farquhar, Rowe, and other such-like authors, both in comedy and tragedy, which I selected volume after volume from his library. I struck out plans of plays, made verses, and wrote sonnets, which, in my idea, was far less laborious than chicanery and jurisprudence.

Young LITTLETON. After all, how did you extricate yourself from this enchantment, and prevail upon your indolence to enter on the application you are now engaged in ? How could you find resolution to sit down, and thumb those very books that first of all disgusted you ?

RANGER. For upwards of a fortnight past, I have conceived the liveliest ardour to acquire that study, which hereafter may facilitate my progress, and to give up every thing that may divert my application ; and you find me at this present moment in such application with the firmest resolution, never to lose sight thereof.

Young LITTLETON. So much the better, friend. I earnestly conjure you to continue
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IS A FRIEND INDEED.

this your present resolution; in such case, tis not impossible you may become the first practitioner in any of the courts.

RANGER. Let me alone. I will be that, or die in the accomplishment thereof.

Young LITTLETON. For my part, I will still continue my old way; that is, philosophy. I will content myself with what my uncle leaves me, and enjoy the charms of liberty and learning.

RANGER. I would do the same, perhaps, if I had only half your expectations: but——

A SERVANT (*coming in, and putting into Ranger's hand a letter.*) Sir, here's a letter: it comes to you by the post. (*He gives it to his master.*)

Young LITTLETON. Pray, is not that your father's servant?

RANGER. Yes.

Young LITTLETON (*to the domestic.*) My friend, if there should come a little hump-back man, who is my uncle, and inquire for Mr. Littleton, pray tell him I am here:—(*To Ranger*) He means to take me in his way to the academy, and wants to see you and your father.

RANGER. Good. (*To the Servant*) You understand?

The SERVANT. Yes, very plainly, sir. (*He goes out.*)

RANGER. The letter is indorsed *with speed*. It comes from Oxford, where my father has been upward of these three weeks with a friend. The

address is not his writing. What can all this mean? (*He opens the letter, and after having read a line or two, cries out*) Oh, heaven! my father's dead.

YOUNG LITTLETON. Your father's dead?

RANGER. Yes, suddenly—(*He falls back in his chair.*)

YOUNG LITTLETON (*reading the letter to himself,*) "I am obliged, dear sir, to send you the distressing tidings that your father broke a vessel in the brain last Tuesday night, while he was here at supper. I received him in my arms, where he expired without a groan. I feel the sorrow this must give you, and in vain would wish to mitigate it. 'Tis God's visitation, who alone can soften the affliction of it. I am, dearest sir, &c."

RANGER (*coming to himself, but weeping.*) Ah, my dearest friend! How grievous a misfortune! What a loss to one in my unhappy situation! What now will become of me? Without the benefit of fortune, whom shall I resort to?—Oh, great God!

YOUNG LITTLETON. Your situation, I must own, is an unhappy one: yet need not you despair; for you are young, and well disposed. You are not without friends, nor was your father. They will all assist you I am certain.

The elder LITTLETON (*coming in.*) Both together! I am glad to find you so. But what may be the matter, my dear Ranger?

RANGER.

RANGER. Ah, sir, you are come to see me in a melancholy situation.

Young LITTLETON. Mr. Ranger, as this letter here will shew you, died last Tuesday evening, suddenly, at Oxford.

The elder LITTLETON. Suddenly! Great God! what is our life?

RANGER. 'Tis quite calamitous to undergo such a misfortune: but, my friends, do not abandon me.—My sorrow,—I have lost my father, and am left alone—Quite isolated in the world, and ruined.

The elder LITTLETON. Ruined, my dear Ranger? No; I love you with no less affection than I do my nephew. Come and live with me, then, till such time as you have settled your affairs, and pitched upon some plan to go by. In the interim, my house and purse, my counsel, and whatever I possess, shall be at your disposal. In a word, I will esteem and love you, just as if you were my nephew.

RANGER. Your disinterested offer and protection would console me, if, in such a situation as my present, any thing could do so. But God's providence has torn my father from me at the moment when his life was much more necessary to my peace of mind than ever it had been; and at a moment when my resolution of amendment had but just been taken.

The elder LITTLETON. Providence does all things for the best; and by your father's death,

death, designs to make a trial of your virtue: but at present, you are not sufficiently composed to argue on the event. Shut up your doors, and come with me then. Come, in four-and-twenty hours you may be talked to. (*To his nephew.*) Let him have your arm. My coach is at the door. Come, come.

RANGER. Ah, sir, I cannot but have every reason to avail myself of your obliging friendship; yet I cannot see——

The elder LITTLETON (*going out.*) No arguments, dear Ranger, for the present. We shall see, in twenty-four hours' time, what can be done to serve you.

Young LITTLETON (*taking Ranger by the arm.*) Come, be of comfort.

RANGER. Yes, I will, and am prepared to follow.

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PRICE OF BLOOD.

SCENE, *A Garret.*

Mrs. POMFRET, SARAH, and HUMPHRY, all at work. Sarah sitting by a Cradle.

Mrs. POMFRET.

SALLY, is he yet asleep?

SARAH. Yes, mother.

Mrs. POMFRET. How I dread his waking! Should he wake, what will he do for food? Poor little thing!

SARAH. My father said he would step out to Mr. Surly's for a little money, on account of that engraving he is doing for him.

Mrs. POMFRET. Only there; and not come back since nine o'clock this morning? should he not succeed!

SARAH. That is not to be feared; who could deny him?

Mrs.

Mrs. POMFRET. Ah, my poor, dear Sally ; you but little know mankind. What is a needy artist in the notion of some people ?

SARAH. But, I fancy, you forget it is his own he means to ask for ?

Mrs. POMFRET. So it is, indeed, my child ; but then, he has not finished yet the work ; and till the whole is done, he cannot lawfully require the payment.

SARAH. He has almost done it ; and, besides, this Mr. Surly is so rich.

Mrs. POMFRET. So rich ! Alas, the rich are, generally speaking, much less bounteous than the poor. The person he engraves for, was originally nothing : I even knew him formerly a footman. He was then beneath us, and would fain have had your father as a partner, when he set up in his present trade of selling prints ; but what a partner ! He refused. And yet, this man has made a fortune ; while your father—Ah : let me not think of such an alteration. 'Tis a favour done your father, now, that he will give him work, though what he earns is such a trifle. Only half a guinea for the work, which reputable tradesmen pay four times as much for.

SARAH. Is it possible ? To be so rich, yet void of pity for the poor ; and what is worse too, after having been so poor one's self ! for my part, I should think it false, but that you tell me things are so.

Mrs. POMFRET. So much the better, my dear

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dear child, for you. It is a generous thought, and may you always entertain such thoughts. *(St. Paul's clock strikes three.)*

HUMPHRY *(looking off his work.)* There's three o'clock. When shall we have our dinner, mother?

Mrs. POMFRET. What is that you ask? Your father and your brother are both out, and would you wish to dine without them?

HUMPHRY. Oh, no, mother: but, perhaps they may have dined already: and you dont know where they are. So that,—

Mrs. POMFRET. Well, and should you eat with any pleasure then?

HUMPHRY. Oh, no.—But it is very late, and they may—

Mrs. POMFRET. Hold your tongue: they are at present fasting, I am sure, as well as you. Besides, you see I wait their coming home. Your sister does so too;—and then your little brother likewise. Are you not as able, pray, to fast as he?—And yet he does not murmur.

HUMPHRY. No—but—I am very hungry *(he bursts out a crying.)*

Mrs. POMFRET *(going up to him.)* My dear child,—my poor dear Humphry!—Come.—Be pacified.—Your father will be soon at home; and let you have some dinner.—There; there; there. I am as much in pain as you are to behold you cry so.

HUMPHRY. Oh, no, no: pray, mother, dont you be in pain; for I should cry much more;

more;—but see, my tears are all dried up.—As if I could not go without my dinner just as well as you.—How angry with myself I am, for having cried so:—but I could not help it.—I'll do so no more; but go to work so hard as to forget I'm hungry, (*goes again to work.*)

Mrs. POMFRET (*aside while taking up her work.*) Am I unfortunate enough! Oh, heavens! How shall I bear it?

SARAH. My poor father is not used to stay from home so long. If some misfortune should have happened to him?

Mrs. POMFRET. I can guess how he is situated. Mr. Surly has not given him any money, and he cannot think of coming home, as he went from us empty handed. But your brother's absence makes me wonder. When did he go out?

SARAH. At sun rise.

Mrs. POMFRET. Who would have believed it? He that I supposed so careful, to forsake us at a time like this, when we are most in need of his assistance?

SARAH. Pray dont grieve on that account, He must have left us with a good intention. I am well acquainted with the excellency of his heart; and know how much he suffers for our melancholy situation. He is gone to do us good.

Mrs. POMFRET. But what good will he have it in his power to do us, without friends, without acquaintances?

SARAH.

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SARAH. Our want will put him upon means. When he went out, I thought him in despair.

Mrs. POMFRET. Alas! what say you? In despair? Ah, Sally, my dear girl, if he should think of doing any crime: that blow would kill me.

SARAH. Never fear, I know my brother well.

Mrs. POMFRET. Your father certainly has not succeeded. He will come home overwhelmed with grief, fatigue, and hunger.

SARAH. Oh, dear me! I suffer more for his sake than my own.

Mrs. POMFRET. Dear children, your poor father's miserable situation cuts me to the heart; and we must have recourse to those last means of the unfortunate, which notwithstanding wound a feeling mind. My little Humphry, you must here be useful to us.

HUMPHRY. I? Pray tell me how: I will do any thing you bid me, mother.

Mrs. POMFRET. Poor dear little fellow. You can do no more. Come then, and let me kiss you. Cruel want! to what necessity you force me!—Humphry, my dear Humphry, you must go into the street, and crave some succour from those well-dressed people you may meet with. You must cry till such time as they give you something. You will meet, no doubt, with several hard-hearted men; but possibly some friend of charity may see you and assist us.

HUMPHRY. Pray, dear mother, is not that called begging?

Mrs. POMFRET. Yes, my poor, dear man, it is.

HUMPHRY. I should not like to go a begging; but as you and my poor sister are in want, I will.—Must I ask every one I meet?

Mrs. POMFRET. Not every body, Humphry, but such only as have got good clothes on.

HUMPHRY. There are such a number that despise the poor, as I have seen myself, I should not like to ask of them.

Mrs. POMFRET. That you must run the risque of. They are not to be distinguished by their looks from other people. Go.

HUMPHRY. Yes, mother; but first kiss me.

Mrs. POMFRET (*kissing him.*) There, poor innocent. I would not ask you to do such a thing, if it were not that we might have a bit of bread.

SARAH (*looking at the little Humphry as he goes down stairs.*) Dear child! Who can withstand his tears, when he speaks to them? To go out a begging hurts him. I could see that plainly.

POMFRET (*entering in a ghastly manner.*) Ah, dear wife and daughter. We must die. (*Sitting down, and looking round him.*) What have you done with Humphry? And his brother? Is not he come back yet?

Mrs. POMFRET. Dearest husband, you have lost

THE
GOOD SAMARITAN.
IN PARVO.

In a series of Letters, from WILLIAM THOMPSON to his MOTHER.

I.

September 5, 1787.

MY DEAR MAMA,

I HAVE been here three days, and never once forgot my promise of a frequent correspondence with you, which, no doubt, will very much improve my style, and render letter writing in particular, much more familiar to me. This is my first letter; but I did not think I should have had occasion to begin my correspondence with a circumstance of so much sorrow

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sorrow to the family in which I am upon a visit; and in whole prosperity you interest yourself so much. God grant my future letters may convey you more agreeable intelligence! I shall take care to write again as soon as I have other news, even though it should arrive in half an hour. It is at present nine o'clock, and we should all be now at supper, were it not for what I mean to mention.

For my dear friend Edward went out early in the morning, and on horseback, followed by a servant: his intention was to visit a young gentleman about his age, who lives at nine miles distance, and with him, is going to the Charter-house, as Edward is, you know, for education: well, would you believe it, Edward is not yet returned; 'ts now, as I have said already, nine o'clock, or later; and his parents bade him be at home by five at farthest. Never yet, they tell me, was he known to disobey them. Some misfortune must have happened to him. To increase their apprehension too, the night is very very dark, occasioned principally by a fog, which thickens every minute. Mr. Grandison has just sent out a servant to the house, where Edward meant to visit. With how much impatience do we not all wait for his return!

I am, &c.

W. T.

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POMFRET. Nor I either: but, dear spouse, should he go out at such a time as this, when his assistance is so needful? He knows very well, that any interruption of his labour must be a material injury to us in our present circumstances. I shall not so soon forgive him.

SARAH. I hear some one on the stairs. 'Tis surely he (*going to the door.*)

POMFRET. I will not see him. Let him not come near me.

THOMAS (*entering weak and fainting, he has both his arms bound up, a bottle and two loaves.*) Hold.—Eat now.—I have paid dearly for them. I am faint, and cannot possibly hold out. (*Having put the loaves and bottles on the table, he falls back into a chair.*)

Mrs. POMFRET. Heavens! What does all this mean? Has he been doing any crime——

THOMAS. Eat, eat, I tell you.—I have not been doing wrong.

POMFRET. But why are you in this condition?

Mrs. POMFRET. Both your arms bound round about! and blood! Have you been fighting?

SARAH. Oh, dear mother, mother. I can see he has been bled. Look how the blood runs down his arm here!

THOMAS. Farther! Mother! Sister! It was done to get you food.

Mr. and Mrs. POMFRET. Ah, son!

SARAH. Ah, brother! (*They approach; and*

while the parents both embrace him, Sarah ties his arm up.)

A GENTLEMAN (*coming in with Humphry, and provisions in his hand.*) Where are these poor people? How have they been able to conceal themselves for such a length of time?

HUMPHRY. There, sir. That is my father; this my mother. They are dying both of hunger.

POMFRET (*to the gentleman.*) Ah, sir! how affecting is your generosity. We know the value of it; but, alas! how is it possible we should enjoy it, while our son here—this dear youth,—Did you but know, sir——

HUMPHRY. What can be the matter with you, brother?

The GENTLEMAN. Have you been attacked, or beat by any body?

THOMAS (*with a feeble voice.*) No, sir. I could not support the thought of our unhappy family's condition; and went out this morning in despair; but on the other hand, determined to procure them some relief, or die. I met by chance a friend, as much in want of succour as myself. My look and manner frightened him. Where are you going, thus, said he, and what has happened to you? Ah, dear friend, replied I to these questions, my poor father, mother, sister, brothers, have not had a bit of bread to eat these four-and-twenty hours and upwards. Look you, said this virtuous but poor man, and gave me two pence. Here is all I have. But
if

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If you wish by any means to get a little money for your parents, I can tell you how.—Well, tell me, answered I—and I will do it. There is no dishonour in the way you have to recommend?—None, none, replied my friend, as you will say yourself. There is a gentleman who lives just facing Surgeon's Hall: he lodges at the great white house; and studies physic. He is likewise learning how to bleed, and gives two shillings.—Yes, I understand you, interrupted I, and flew to this young surgeon, who that moment bled me. I received his money, and then hastened to another in the Strand, who did the same. I went and bought this bread and porter, but am dying. Happy, notwithstanding, if my death may for a day preserve my parents.

The GENTLEMAN. Ah, my friend, you are a prodigy of virtue, but have here a brother who already shows himself a rival worthy of you.—This poor little boy, (*pointing Humphry out*) fell down before my door: I had him instantly brought in, and gave him something that soon brought him to his senses. He is faint for want of food, observed a gentleman then with me; upon which, I ordered him some victuals, but he would not take it, saying *tis my father, tis my mother that want victuals.* Can I eat, while they are perishing with hunger?

Mrs. POMFRET. Ah, my poor, dear children, you deserve a better fortune.

The

The GENTLEMAN. Be not you unhappy at their want of fortune. I take that upon me; and will every night and morning, bless the happy moment that afforded me an opportunity of succouring those whose virtue should have placed them in a comfortable situation. Happily, your son (*looking at the elder*) is only weakened, and will very soon be well. Here is a trifle (*putting down his purse upon the table*) to assist his cure, and purchase you subsistence for a day or two: Before it can be spent, you shall be sure to see me here again: but for the present I must go.—Farewel, (*stopping Pomfret, who is ready to fall down before him.*) No thanks, my friend. What I have just been doing has afforded me the greatest pleasure. I am paid already for it, in my heart. Farewel, once more. I cannot but admire the consequences of that education and those good examples you have certainly bestowed upon your children.—God be with you.

Wast your labour then? Trust me, I feared as much.

POMFRET (*vehemently*.) All access to compassion in men's bosoms is shut up.—A wretch, that formerly I honoured with my friendship! was happy then, and he quite destitute! He was however honest; but by changing principles, he has made shift to get a fortune.—May—The villain! he defrauds me of my property! he will not let me have my own!

Mrs. POMFRET. Not pay you!

POMFRET. No. The monster! He quotes law to rob me. Finish your engraving first: and then I'll pay you: but till then, you have no right to any money. This was all his answer. I informed him, but in vain, of my distress. I could not work, I told him, without victuals. I would be content, I said, with half the money I had earned; and even that I should consider as a gift: but he was deaf to my entreaties. Still his answer was: I owe you nothing, and have nothing for you.—I insisted. Turn him out, said he; on which his people coming from behind the counter, thrust me forcibly into the street, and shut the door behind me.

Mrs. POMFRET. Be of comfort, my dear man; and do not aggravate our sorrows by reflecting on your own. I have sent Humphry out just now: tis possible he may return with some assistance for us.

POMFRET. Hope for nothing. Oh, men! men! No, they are all brute beasts. I thought myself upon this aid of begging. Could I recollect your situation, and refuse to try it? I rejected it for some short time, I must confess. Shame, pride, and other passions, combated within my heart against it; but at last, my tenderness for you and my dear children weighed down every motive. I accosted the first gentleman I met with; he was standing in St. James's Street, close by a fruit shop, and had just that moment stopped. For heaven's sake, my dear sir, said I, take pity on me. I have four poor children and a wife all perishing for hunger: Work, said he. You are yet able to do that. There cannot be a business half so bad as that of begging. Saying this, he pulled a purse out full of gold, and, taking up a peach, threw down two shillings for it. The least piece of money you have got, said I, will save a family from starving. Do, dear sir; I earnestly beseech you; but he fell into a passion, bidding me begone; and turning, left me.

SARAH. A rich man insult your misery in this manner! whom then should the poor man tell his wants to?

POMFRET. No one: being as unhappy as we are, we should resolve on dying: but our Thomas has not been accustomed to absent himself so long, or go from home so early.

Mrs. POMFRET. I was saying so, just now. I cannot think he would forsake us.

POM-

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

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II.

Sept. 5, Eleven at night.

WHAT affliction, dear mama! The footman is returned this moment from the house, where Edward meant to pass the day. He left it with his servant, when the clock struck four. What is become of him? Can he have lost his way? Has he been thrown? Who knows. Thieves very possibly have robbed and killed him. Mrs. Grandison will break her heart. Clarissa can do nothing in the world but weep for apprehension; and the servants run up stairs and down again, like people that have lost their senses. Mr. Grandison endeavours to console his wife; but one may see, he is himself beyond expression agitated. He has sent out people on the different roads, to make inquiry for poor Edward. If it were not for his wife, who should not in her present state of mind be left alone, he would have gone himself too with them. Would to heaven I had accompanied my friend. I should, at least, have shared his dangers. Mrs. Grandison would not permit me to go with him, as I wished to do, because, as she remarked, I had a little cold upon me. Had I but intreated her to let me go, she would have very possibly at last consented. I am quite unhappy. Poor dear little fellow! At the age of twelve to be exposed at this late hour to every danger of the night; for that, at least, he is.

I know

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I know not how I shall support my sorrow. I can hardly hold my pen, or see what I am writing.

III.

Sept. 6. One in the morning.

NO intelligence of Edward yet. We are not gone to bed. How should we sleep, indeed? The servants pity Edward. Philip and Clarissa cry, Oh, brother! brother! And this scene increases my affliction. Oh, if it were day!

IV.

Sept. 6. Half past six.

GOD be praised, mama; for tidings are at last arrived of Edward; since the servant that went out with him is now come home. My friend has met with no misfortune, and tis not through any fault, or even negligence of his, that he has caused us such anxiety. Quite otherwise; for far from being blameable in this affair, his conduct merits every kind of commendation. How I long to let you know what he has done: but Mr. Grandison will positively have us all to bed this instant, after the fatigue and grief, he says, we have gone through. I must comply. Adieu then, dear mama, till I am up again.

V.

V.

Sept. 9. Nine o'clock.

I have enjoyed a comfortable sleep, and now will tell you every thing, from the recital, John the footman made before his master, of what happened to him and my dear friend Edward.

They had scarcely left the house, where Edward, as already I have mentioned, had been visiting, that they might be at home by five o'clock, as Mr. Grandison had ordered Edward, when the weather all at once began to thicken with a mist, that soon prevented them from seeing half a dozen feet before them. Edward, who, you know, is naturally brave, was under no alarm. They kept up a hard trot, when they perceived a man stretched out upon the ground before them. What can this be here? said Edward, and stopped short his horse. 'Tis some one sure, said John, that has been drinking till he could not keep his legs. Let us go on, dear master Edward.

No, John, answered master Edward, if it be a man, though he may possibly have drunk too much, we must at least, from mere compassion, get him on one side the road, lest any carriage in the dark should happen to go over him. He had not well pronounced these words, but he was off his horse. But what was his surprise, when drawing near the unhappy man, he found

30 THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

he had received a dangerous wound upon the head, from which the blood was running out in great abundance. Edward spoke, but had no answer.

He must certainly be dead, said John, who had alighted likewise from his horse.

EDWARD. No, no: he is not dead. He is but in a swoon. Oh, heavens! what shall we do?

JOHN. What shall we do, indeed! We must pursue our journey, and may send assistance to him from the village we next come to.

EDWARD. How unfeeling, John, you are! Before the people we may send can reach him, the poor wounded gentleman (for I forgot to tell you he was very creditably dressed.) Perhaps will be quite dead. See, what a deal of blood he has already lost. So tie our horses to these trees, we must ourselves afford him all the assistance in our power.

JOHN. Do you consider what you say? The night will quickly overtake us, and in such a fog we never shall be able to find out our way.

EDWARD. Well, we will stay here then.

JOHN. Here, sir? and your parents? You may fancy to yourself what their uneasiness will be.

EDWARD. Ah, you are in the right. I did not think of that.

And thereupon, the little fellow was just going to remount his horse; but turning towards the

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN. 31

the gentleman with eyes that swam in tears, he felt himself affected by some secret power. No. poor old man, said he, (for by his features he appeared extremely old) I will not leave you in this dismal situation. Neither can my parents be displeased at my delay. I cannot leave a fellow-creature thus to perish, and not do whatever I am able to prevent his dying.

I would not conclude my letter, in this interesting passage, but that Mr. Grandison has sent up stairs to let me know the breakfast is quite ready. I conclude you will not be displeased to hear from me as soon as possible; and therefore send this first part of my letter, meaning to conclude it in an hour or two.

VI.

Sept. 6. Eleven o'clock.

IN my last, two hours ago, I told you, dear mama, that Edward had resolved to do whatever he was able to preserve the wounded gentleman from perishing.

He pulled his coat off, having got a linen waistcoat on, which instantly he tore in two.

JOHN. What are you doing, my dear little fir?

EDWARD. What! we must tie his forehead up to stop the blood!

JOHN. But, fir?

EDWARD. Say nothing, John; but come and help me.

Upon this he folded up his handkerchief in four, and tied it round the patient's head, as well as he was able. Then, with one side of his waistcoat, doubled in its length, he made the bandage fast by the assistance of his garter. After this, he bade John help him to remove his patient from the road way; which together they effected, laying him upon the path.

And what, sir, are we now to do? said John.

EDWARD. Why you must gallop to the nearest village, and bring hither some one who will take upon him to conduct the poor old gentleman in safety to a farm-house. I will pay him for his trouble, and stay here till you come back with some assistance.

JOHN. God forbid I should obey you, sir! No. No. Leave you alone in such a lonesome place? My master never would forgive me.

EDWARD. I take every thing upon myself, and order you to do what I have bid you.

JOHN. Well, sir, if the case be so, I have no answer: but remember——

EDWARD. Yes, I will remember every thing. Set out.

John galloped off as fast as he was able, and had not rode far before he reached a cottage, where two men were making baskets, with their wives and children. He made up that moment to the door, and opening it, addressed the master of the cottage, begging he would come to the assistance of a gentleman, whose horse had flung him in the road, and left him there half

dead.

chief in dead. The master seemed at first unwilling to go out in such a foggy night. But wrought upon at last by John's entreaties, went to get a kind of cart, with which, attended by his eldest son, he followed John.

The pitying-hearted Edward had not quitted in the interim the poor old man a moment; but by dint of his endeavours for that purpose, by degrees had brought him to his senses.

May I ask, sir, who you are? said Edward, the first moment he observed the wounded person was recovering; and by what misfortune you are brought into this dismal state.

My name is Hamilton, replied the gentleman, but in a low and trembling voice. I left my house on horseback, for the benefit and pleasure of an airing; but my horse fell down, and threw me. In my fall I came against a stone: I tried, as I remember, to get up. The pain I felt, together with my great old age, and the vast quantity of blood I lost, occasioned me to fall again quite senseless. I remember nothing of what happened afterward. But you, dear, lovely, little gentleman, that seem so sensible of my misfortune, is it you then that have thus bound up my head, and saved me from inevitable death?

EDWARD. Yes, yes, sir: it was I that had the happiness of serving you. I had just now a footman with me, but have sent him to the nearest village for assistance, such as cannot but be

much more useful to you in your present state than mine.

The GENTLEMAN. What, have you had the courage to stay by me, notwithstanding the obscurity and lonesomeness? So young, and yet so bountiful! What gratitude do I not owe you?

EDWARD. None, sir. I have only done my duty; and provided I can be of farther service to you, shall account myself too happy.

This short conversation was cut short by John's arrival with the basketmaker and his son. They laid the gentleman along upon a mattraß they had brought by John's direction with them in the cart. Whatever care the owner of the vehicle could take to drive him safely, still its joltings hurt the wounded person greatly, and at last he fell into a swoon again.

This grieved the little Edward's feeling mind; and yet he could not remedy the grievance. John had got his horse to lead, while he himself walked on in silence by the carriage, paid all possible attention to his patient, and did every thing he could to bring him once more to his senses. Having reached a farm house, he sent instantly the basket-maker's son upon his horse to fetch a surgeon.

John however, used, on this occasion, though to no one purpose, all the rhetoric that might, he thought, prevail on his young master to go home, by representing to him the distress he caused his parents.

EDWARD.

EDWARD. Would you have me leave the gentleman to die, then, in the hand of strangers? You observe he still continues senseless. Were I now to quit him, of what use should I have been by what I have already done? No, no: I am resolved to pass the night beside him.

JOHN. Is it possible? what say you, sir?

EDWARD. My resolution is already taken. Go then home yourself, as fast as possible, and tell your master what has happened; so that neither he nor my mama may any longer be uneasy upon my account. Inform them, I shall wait their orders here to-morrow morning. Go.

JOHN. Not I, sir; pray excuse me. Your papa would give me a fine welcome, were I to come home without you!

EDWARD. That must be the case, however. Therefore, once more, lose no time: It is already night: and they are certainly alarmed.

John saw it was lost labour to find fault with what he called the imprudence of his master. He was forced to leave him.

Edward, you may naturally think, was now a little at his ease in the idea of our hearing from him: but a new embarrassment was to ensue. The fog went on increasing, and the night grew darker. John, bewildered in a wood he was to pass through, lost his way; and after having gone in twenty different directions to find out the road again, was in the end compelled,

pelled, though much against his inclination, to take up with such a lodging as the wood afforded, and leave us at home all night a prey to dismal apprehensions. The poor lad, when he arrived this morning, was quite overcome with cold, fatigue, and hunger. Notwithstanding his impatience to inform us that his little master had not met with any accident, he trembled at the thought of coming in to Mr. Grandison; and fancied his dismissal was the least he could expect. I cannot, therefore, tell you what was his surprise, when, after the recital of his tale, he heard his master thus express himself:—Thank God that gave me such a son! And you too, John, have acted very properly. Here is a guinea to reward you for the uneasy night you suffered. Go, refresh yourself; and take a little rest, that you may soon be able to return. I do not blame your master for the anxiety he has occasioned us. He took the only way he could to make us easy.

But what sorrow will not my dear Edward undergo, when he is told by John how much we suffered for his sake all night, while he was absent, and no tidings of him? John is now set out again. I saw his master put into his hand a purse of money, doubtless to provide whatever the poor wounded gentleman may want. I long to learn if he be dead or living, and have hopes I shall be able soon to let you know. Farewel, my dear mama; and let me have your
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bleſſing. Bleſs too my dear Edward for his courage and humanity.

VII.

Sept. 6. Two o'clock.

EDWARD is at length come home, quite ſafe, and in the higheſt ſpirits, dear mama. How gladly did I not embrace him, He appeared to me, in ſome fort, as an Angel; or at leaſt that good Samaritan whoſe ſtory was the firſt I read, if you remember, after I had learned my letters. Thanks to Edward's care; the gentleman is better; and his wound will very ſoon be cured.

Though Edward had been from us for the ſpace of nearly thirty hours, yet he returned much ſooner than expected. Miſs Clariffa was the firſt that ſaw him; when ſhe gave a cry of tranſport: Edward! Edward! and ran down into the yard to meet him. They came in embracing one another. Edward quitted her, that he might fly into the arms of his tranſported parents. I ſhall here conclude with putting down the dialogue that paſſed between them; which I can do, as I fancy, word for word, ſince I ſhall never my life through forget it.

EDWARD. Can you pardon me, dear parents, for the unwilling crime of cauſing you ſo much uneaſineſs, as that John told me you had ſuffered?

Mr.

Mr. GRANDISON. Can we pardon you! Come rather into both our arms; and let us press you to our hearts a thousand, and a thousand times to that. You have fulfilled your duty to a fellow-creature; and without forgetting what you thought our due. I did not think, for my part, and your mother too must feel the same, I could have loved you more than formerly: but how was I deceived!

EDWARD. Dear sir, your goodness overwhelms me.

Mr. GRANDISON. Let us talk no more of that. How fared your patient when you left him?

EDWARD. Better, better a good deal. He had a little of his weakness still remaining; but the surgeon told me that his wound would soon be cured.

Mrs. GRANDISON. Does he continue in the farm-house you first had him to? and will they take care of him?

EDWARD. Oh, mama, dont be afraid. His son is with him; for as soon as he informed me where he lived, I sent to tell his family what accident had happened; and his eldest son came shortly after. What delight did it not give me that I had it in my power to put a suffering father, as I did, into the hands of one he loved so much!

Mr. GRANDISON. And is he in such circumstances as to get himself what his condition renders needful?

EDWARD.

EDWARD. Yes, papa, thank God, he has enough for that : and here I bring you back your purse with all you sent me in it. I had no occasion to employ a single guinea.

MR. GRANDISON. Well then, it is all your own.

EDWARD. My own ?

MR. GRANDISON. Yes, Edward. I bestow it on you as a token of my satisfaction. I am sure you will not put your hand into it, otherwise than to employ what it contains to some good purpose : always be that character of mercy and compassion you were yesterday ; and while the hearts of other men are hardened to shut out the misery of their brethren, be not you, although a child, like any such.

EDWARD. Oh, sir, what shall I say ? I was afraid you would be angry with me, and you show yourself so kind !

MRS. GRANDISON. But how, dear Edward, were you off in such a miserable farm house, as John told me you had got your patient into ?

EDWARD. I assure you, dear mama, I did not think a moment of the place in which I was. My whole attention was employed upon the poor old gentleman, who, I was very much afraid, would die.

MRS. GRANDISON. You did not sleep a wink then all night long ?

EDWARD. I had procured some straw, by way of bed, and got it littered for me, by the gentleman : but your uneasiness, together with my friend,

friend, my sister, and my brothers, which I knew I could not but occasion, and my ceaseless fears respecting the poor man : all these together hindered me from sleeping. Oh, if any one had told me, yesterday, before I left you, you were soon to be a whole night through without the possibility of knowing what had happened to prevent my going home, how much would not my mind have suffered !

Mrs. GRANDISON. Come, dear Edward, once more, to my arms, and let me clasp you to my bosom. But I will not now indulge myself with listening to you, when you stand in need of rest : Go therefore, and lay down upon the bed.

It was with some reluctance Edward left the room, and I attended him. How happy, as he went up stairs, said he, and squeezed my hand, do I not feel myself that my behaviour is so much approved at home : for notwithstanding all the pleasure I received from serving the poor invalid, I should not have consoled myself if I had made my parents angry with me.

Dear and worthy little friend, cried I, and that was all I had it in my power to say. My eyes were full of tears. I sobbed, and could not find it in my heart to let him go : but clasped him twenty times, and closer every time than that before. How sweet it is to be possessed of such a friend ! and what enjoyment does not sensibility bestow ! But why, madam, was I thus melted into tears ? I know the wounded man was

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

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nothing in the world to me ; and yet I could not keep from weeping.

VIII.

Sept. 12th, 1787.

DEAR LITTLE GENTLEMAN,

YOUR good mama, no earlier than this morning, showed me those pathetic letters you wrote lately to her : as she knew what pleasure I received from contemplating those emotions that ensue within the bosoms of ingenuous children. A long intercourse with such as, when I knew them, were or are at present in the spring-tide of their life, has given me this aptitude to pleasure in their company ; and the perusal of your letters was a sort of substitute for company with such a generous little fellow, as your style convinces me you are.

At the conclusion of your correspondence, on the subject of the wounded gentleman, you ask why you were melted into tears, at the relation of your little friend ; when, in reality, the wounded man was nothing to you ; notwithstanding which, you say you could not keep from weeping ? Tis this question which I take it you would wish to have resolved, that gives occasion to my present letter. And I answer from a book, in which there seems to be an un-

digested heap of sensibility and folly, that you melted into tears, because, like Edward, you are a good-natured soul.

Indulge then in these tears, on all occasions, when you see or hear of suffering human nature. They are sweet; and God be praised, that while a hundred vices strengthen with old age in the corrupt, this virtue, shown in tears, poured out upon misfortunes, no less strengthens with old age in every human being that loves mercy. I will tell you, my good little man, what very lately made me weep, though I am now no longer young.

I passed a public house one Sunday at a place called Kingland, where a friendless boy was sitting on a bench before the door; to whom the people of the house had just before been giving some stale meat and bread; and which he was devouring with a famished appetite: his very eyes seemed hungry. You eat heartily, said I, my poor dear boy; for I had stopped to see him. Yes, sir, I may well do so, replied the child of misery; for this is the first victuals I have had since yesterday at noon; and it was then near two o'clock. But who will give you any drink? continued I. Oh, as for drink, sir, answered he, a little water will do very well. No, not while I have beer to give you, said a labouring man, who had but just before the poor boy's answer come out of the public house, and had a pot of porter in his hand, which he was going home with, to regale his

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN. 43

his needy family.—Enjoy the recompence you merit for such charity, blessed child of pity. He that promises a sure reward for such as even give a cup of water from the spring to cheer the fainting frame of a disciple, shall not overlook your sympathy and fellow feeling. Such a generous action did not need to be performed in secret, that it might have all the merit of a sacrifice.

Dear little gentleman, amidst the triumphs of your sensibility, for so I call that sympathy you have displayed in favour of the unhappy, sometimes think of this unhappy boy, concerning whom I have informed you. He was much too young that he could possibly have merited his situation by his crimes. He was the victim of his parents' cruelty, who had deserted him.

Judge if, instructed by the noble deed of this poor man, I only looked upon the party wanting charity, or him that gave it, and passed by upon the other side.

You need no lesson on the virtues of a generous heart: and therefore, I conclude this letter with assuring you, I am,

The admirer of that virtue you
have shown; and in the real
meaning of the word,

Your friend and servant,

M. A. M.

LOVE WISELY,

NOT

TOO WELL.

IN the 491st number of the Spectator, there is a story to the following purport, that a certain governor was captivated with the beauty of a lady, whose husband lay at that time under condemnation for a state-offence ; that when she applied in his behalf, the governor disclosed those terms on which alone a pardon could be procured ; that on her revealing this overture to her husband, his fears induced him to persuade her, though indeed obliquely, to preserve him ; that a mistaking tenderness added weight to those persuasions, and brought about the governor's gratification ; that notwithstanding this, he ordered the sentence to be executed ; and that in revenge, she appealed to the then duke of Burgundy, and obtained the following redress : That her seducer should marry her, and sign a gift of his whole estate to her after his

his decease: upon which, to secure her in the quiet possession of the bequest, he commanded the governor's immediate execution.

Such are the circumstances of the story: how far the editor of this work has deviated from them to produce the following *petite piece* will appear in the sequel, which is a miscellany of poetry and prose. The alterations he has introduced must be ascribed to the following considerations: 1st, It is shocking to nature that a husband should propound for safety by the violation of his wife's honour: 2dly, The reparation extorted from the governor by the duke is specious; and lastly, the wife's acceptance of that reparation is inconsistent with the love she had shown her husband.

These remarks being made, the piece begins.

Albert, commandant of Padua, having fix'd his eyes upon Emilia, the wife of him alluded to, resolves to gratify that passion her uncommon beauty had excited in his heart. Emilia, who, 'tis natural to suppose, would interest herself in favour of the husband, had already waited on the governor more than once, and from time to time obtained a respite for him, while the governor was bringing his device upon Emilia to maturity. At the commencement of this piece we must suppose Emilia, after having gained two respites for her husband, waits a third time on the governor, as that last granted would expire upon the following day. A servant had announced her; and a villain, called Sebastian,

multitudes of whom are to be found in Italy, whom Albert had associated to him for advice in such a situation, had just left him, after having given the counsel which the piece will show his master puts in execution.

Albert, speaking to the servant, bids him send Emilia in; and adds, in a soliloquy,

Night steals upon the world;
And her attendant guilt creeps from his cave,
Ranging o'er half the globe. Bethink this,

Albert,

Ere, Tarquin like, thou wound the spotless
honour

Thou canst not but adore. Weak scruples,
hence!

Emilia is my heaven; and I, by striving
Thus to possess the treasure of her beauty,
Seek only how I may avoid that hell
Join'd to the fair one's loss. No more; she
comes.

EMILIA (*coming in.*) Honour and health at-
tend the noble Albert!

ALBERT. Thanks for thy wish! Why com'st
thou, fair one, hither?

EMILIA. To plead for my poor husband;
and again

Hear Albert bid me hope.

ALBERT (*aside.*) Why, why is this?
Does not the lustre of her eye convert
Darkness to light? What kind of guilt's then
mine,

That

That it courts day! - associates with the sun!
And to the bright suffusion of his beams
Turns its broad swarthy front!

EMILIA. What says your honour?

ALBERT. Nothing but what already I have
told you.

It is not I, Emilia, but the law
That takes your husband's life.

EMILIA. Therefore I come,
Not suppliant to those laws, but to that mercy
With which, if you are fraught, well worthy
are you

Of the great power you hold.

ALBERT. No more, Emilia.

EMILIA. In kneeling to you for my husband's life,

To mercy I appeal; and trust me, Albert,
Compassion is an incense that mounts higher
Than ever justice did.

ALBERT (*aside.*) I'll speak at once.

EMILIA. I would you were a woman; and
knew only

What sorrows I must feel. Good, good, my
lord;

See where I kneel. Reverse the doom of death
That's on my husband past. His crime is small;
And many a one there is that lives in honour
Deeper in guilt than he. Then spare him,
spare him,

Tho' only to repent.

ALBERT. Why do you ask

What I will never grant? Nay, if I would,
What

What is not in my power? Be satisfied.

EMILIA. No; but be you much rather merciful.

And twere far easier for you to show pity,
When at the law's stern frown you might de-
stroy,

Than for me, Albert, to be satisfied,
Torn from my husband's arms.

ALBERT. Have done; have done.
You do but pray in vain: he dies to-morrow.

EMILIA (*Going.*) Then grant me patience,
heaven! Long live your honour.

ALBERT. Where are you going?

EMILIA. First, to see my husband:
Where next, I know not yet.

ALBERT (*Aside.*) Her tears inflame
The heat of my desires.—What grief is this
That it subdues all pity in my breast,
And stirs the sense alone!

EMILIA (*Still going.*) Long live you happy.

ALBERT. What, not a word? Not one, to
leave behind you,
For your poor husband's life?

EMILIA. I must not hope it.

ALBERT. Had I on this side death a gem
so dear

As Julio is to you, when I, to save him,
Came with my earnest prayers, denial should
not

Deter me from my theme. I would pursue it.
Nor on weak words rest all my hopes of gaining
What I desir'd, I would *do* something likewise.

EMI-

EMILIA. What can I do, alas?

ALBERT. Is it my fault
If he should find a grave? But you will say,
I've told you I am fix'd. I have; but this
Being cruelty in me, you too are cruel
Taking me at my word.

EMILIA. Oh, speak again
These accents of reproof. They're music to
me.

ALBERT. Then to dismiss your sorrows,
know, Emilia,
There is still one way left you; which pur-
suing,
Your husband's life is safe.—I will speak
plainly;
Since I well know the ardent love you bear him,
Will (or you are not worth a thought) draw
from you

All you possess; no matter what its value.
He is much dearer still.—What I would mean
Is—(for I pity you, and pity Julio)
Is—(*Aside.*) How shall I find words to speak it?

EMILIA. Wherefore pauses Albert?

ALBERT. You have beauty.
And to speak plainly, know, I love; yes, love
you.

EMILIA. Love me!

ALBERT. And to your arms, the forfeit
Julio

I will restore, if you to-night vouchsafe
The thing I would not name.

EMILIA. I have no answer.

AL-

ALBERT. By heaven, I swear I will; and
thus, Emilia,

Thus let me seal my vow.

EMILIA. Monster, avaunt!

Compassion now I scorn. Mercy from thee
Can only prove a curse.

ALBERT. Comes it to this?

Then hear me out; and if that thing, your sex
Call modesty, a false, tho' boasted virtue,
Will suffer you, be wise: Either consent
To yield that treasure up I am so set on,
Or by my soul he dies. The world itself
Shall not extend his life beyond the morning,
If with your beauty you refuse to bless me,
Therefore look to't. Go to him; I have
sworn it.

EMILIA. Then must he die.

ALBERT (*Returning.*) Another thing take
heed of.

Possess no creature living with this secret,
If you regard your husband's life and safety,
Which yet you may obtain. If I once hear
(Tho' many ways I have to render harmless
The scandal of report) you have divulg'd
The tale of my dishonour, be assur'd
That moment is his last. Once more look
to it.

Albert upon this went off to have some con-
versation with Sebastian; and Emilia hastened
to the prison, where her husband all the while
was anxiously expecting her return from Albert.
Julio manifests a great unwillingness to die;
but

but will not think of being saved at the expence of his beloved spouse's honour. At this moment they perceive Sebastian enter with a letter, wrote, it seems, upon his villainous suggestion. Entering with the letter in his hand, he says :

Your pardon for this sudden interruption.
Something I bring of moment from Lord Albert,

Which will rejoice you both :—Read and be happy.

Emilia having read the paper, throws it from her, saying :

Back to the wretch thou serv'st ; and let him know
His threat'nings are in vain. We'll die together.

Sebastian, with a show of great surprise, takes up the paper and pretends to read it, while Emilia tells her husband, that the governor commands her to be speedy in determining ; or at the hour of midnight Julio shall be dragged to death.

Remorseless villain ! (*answers Julio.*)

What gets he by this threat ? Thinks he to grind,

When he conceives I shall persuade thy sinning,
Compliance from my fears ? Could he even add
Years to my natural life, his cruel mercy
I would disdain, in tenderness of that
Much dearer to my soul. I mean thy honour.

Sebastian, in the prosecution of his deep-laid scheme, now interferes, and says :

Hear

Hear me, wrong'd lady ; I disclaim all knowledge

Of this vile paper. My unfortunate stars
Have planted me near Albert, whom I now
Have equal cause with you to call a villain,
His servant not his friend. Had I but known
The business of this note, which I conceiv'd
Another welcome respite, these my arms
Should have first rotted off, e'er they had thus
Insulted your distress.

EMILIA. It may be so.

SEBASTIAN. If you distrust me. I here
bind myself

To venge you on his head ; and nothing else
Ask as a recompense, but what I merit :
Thanks of you both : for your own safety will
Your secrecy insure.

EMILIA. There is no way,
I fear, to our redress.

SEBASTIAN (*to Julio.*) Know *you* of any ?

JULIO. Did but the duke —

SEBASTIAN. Nay, nay ; you must not
think

One moment of the duke. You have no wit-
ness ;

Nothing but this, which may not be his writing.
Where's then your cause, my friend ? Besides,
Lord Albert,

High as the duke has placed him, would gain
credit

Saying it is not so. Tell me this only,
If he should urge your letter has been forg'd,
How would you prove it his ? JULIO

NOT TOO WELL.

53

JULIO (*embracing Emilia.*) Oh, how, indeed?

SEBASTIAN. This is improper now. (*Pausing*) I have a thought
Just come across my brain. Let me intreat
you (*to Julio*)

Leave us alone awhile. Ask me not why,
Lest you spoil all.—I have no honesty,
Unless I serve you here. Go in, delay not.

JULIO (*going out.*) Her honour being unspotted, you shall find me
Willing to live.

SEBASTIAN. He loves you much: and
therefore,
Tell me, it is a question of much moment,
Were it a sin on any terms to save him?

EMILIA. Save him: but how?

SEBASTIAN. I mean, that heaven, Emilia,
Must be too good, with punishment to follow
So merciful a sin; if sin you think it,
Saving your husband's life.

EMILIA. I would die for him:
But wherefore kill my soul?

SEBASTIAN. You do not kill it,
Being, as you are, compell'd to the transgression.

EMILIA. Hence from my bosom, ye unhal-
low'd thoughts
That to temptation lead.—A life preserv'd
And lengthen'd by my shame, were hateful to
him.

Had he desir'd to live, why did he not
Persuade me to the deed?

SEBASTIAN. You judge not well.
There is no man that holds so light his honour
As to proceed so far: tho' where is he,
Who would not thank his being's kind pre-
server,

Taking her gift with joy, if the conditions
Ne'er could be known? Do but suppose that
Julio

Were in your place. Would you not take
with joy,

The life she might preserve, by that (a slip
Call it at most) which, to persuade her to
Yourself breath'd not a word?

EMILIA. My husband, fir,
As every husband should be, heaven first made
Protector of my honour: and if he
Give up his life by choice, my duty tells me,
On terms of shame, I ought not to preserve it.

SEBASTIAN. This argues virtue in you;
but such virtue

As carries you too far. How, if he found
That to redeem his life, you had despis'd
A jewel beyond price, would he not stand
Bound to your love? Alas, it is thro' friendship
I show this zeal for you. I would not have
Two creatures cast away.

EMILIA. Tempt me no more.

SEBASTIAN. I tempt you for your good;
Besides, think, lady,
That Julio for his soul—so much he loves you,
Could

Could not reveal his wish. He could not say,
Lose something for my gain. Oh, will you
then

Come short of him in love? Have pity on him,
Lest in the pangs of an untimely death,
His discontented soul complain that Albert
Was more inclin'd to save him than Emilia.

EMILIA (*after a pause.*) To err upon com-
pulsion; and offend
Of our own will, are crimes; but yet, I hope,
Crimes of no kin.

SEBASTIAN. I'm glad to see you coming.
What you shall do to save your husband's life,
Weigh'd with all other crimes, loses the name
And property of sin.

EMILIA. If it were so——

SEBASTIAN. Then too, revenge? If he
must die, Emilia,
Where wilt thou gain redress. Shall Albert
triumph
Unpunish'd in this act. Nay more, what virtue
Shall screen thee from his power. Who knows
what arts

The monster may employ, what mighty engines
Put into use, if bent upon enjoyment
Thy beauty urge him still. If it be so,
Think then, as thou must surely fall before
them,

Thy virtue's lost in vain.

EMILIA. Thou hast wak'd my fears.
I see the danger now! Final destruction
Fall on his head. I am at last persuaded.

SEBASTIAN. This now is as it should be ;
 and I'm happy
 All shall go well. I will call in your husband.
 But, to conceal your pious resolution,
 Say as I say.

EMILIA. I shall obey your counsel.

Julio being now called in, Sebastian bids him wait till midnight, when his mind assures him of another pardon ; and Emilia solemnly protests she will not suffer any violation of her honour to preserve his life, however she may think it precious ; upon which they part. Emilia, with Sebastian, go to Albert, who is waiting the success of that infernal scheme suggested by Sebastian : and thus venting his conceptions in such terms as are too frequently the argument of criminals, he says :

There was a time once, when a woman's
 tears

Would have subdu'd my nature to lament
 Upon the piteous cause. Why am I then
 So utterly transformed ? Can the fallen angel
 Mate with a cherub ? Who denies it, let him
 Look but on me, who from another's goodness
 Lost to all good myself, can reap no lesson,
 Save that the thing I covet, in her beauty,
 Sets more my sense in flame : for, oh, Emilia,
 Hear not the winds this truth, but tis thy virtue
 Heightens those charms, which make my long-
 ing soul

Sick for enjoyment. Had the fiend who lays
 Temptation in my way, perverted first

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Thy footsteps from the path of female honour,
Thou wert not worth pursuit.—Here comes my
villain.

Albert meant Sebastian, who was now come in with information that Emilia had consented to his wish, and was attending on his pleasure. Albert, overjoyed on this, would have dispatched a pardon to the jail; but that Sebastian, like a thorough-pac'd assassin as he was, convinced him, after some few conscientious struggles on the part of Albert, that his safety stipulated for the husband's death. Sebastian therefore is sent off with Albert's warrant to the provost for his instant execution; and the governor withdraws to pass an hour of dalliance with Emilia.

Julio in the interim is brought from prison, follow'd by a croud; with which, Sebastian mixes to accomplish his nefarious purposes. The malefactor being disappointed of another meeting with Emilia, and suspecting Albert's treachery, bespeaks the Friar, who is with him, to administer advice and ghostly comfort, in the following terms:

Good father, hear me.

FRIAR. Patience, my son. Speak not; for
you must die.

JULIO. Heaven, you are just: if thus my
sins you visit,

Shall Albert 'scape your wrath?

A SPECTATOR (*to Sebastian.*) How's that?

What says he?

IO F 3

SEBAS-

SEBASTIAN. Marry, fir, this : he hath of
late in prison,
(Which, to deal charitably with the offender,
I must believe the consequence of madness,)
Glanc'd at the governor, accus'd his honour
Of tampering with the virtue of his wife ;
And, the delirious fit still strong upon him,
Is railing at him now.

SPECTATOR. Why should he so ?

JULIO. How dreadfully that bell tolls ! Hear
me, heaven ;
Sleep not upon my wrongs ; but of your ven-
geance
Let Albert bear his part. Upon my knees
I make it my last prayer.

FRIAR. Prophane and impious !

PROVOST. Be not offended. If tis madness
in him,
As I believe it is, your pious censures
Fall to the ground.—Headsmen, a word with
you.

SEBASTIAN. A likely story ! Has the wor-
thy governor
No more deserv'd than to be thus ill treated
By an assassin's tongue, who, suffering justly,
Speaks what he lists ?

SPECTATOR. If he be mad, the fault
Pardons itself. Will you walk on, or tarry
Here in the press ?

SEBASTIAN. A moment, and I follow.

JULIO. Is there no friend ? no pity ? no
compassion ?

Wretched

Wretched Emilia! little art thou conscious
Of this unhappy hour. How wilt thou weep,
Root up thy hair, and smite upon thy bosom,
At thy return from Albert's loath'd embraces,
Seeing me dead, stretch'd out a cor'se before
thee,

Senseless and cold! What can describe my
wretchedness;

If, as too much I fear, by love directed,
Thou hast lost that, which worlds could not have
purchas'd.

Horrible thought! off, off, ye hindring fetters!
That I may tear these limbs with very anguish,
And to my heart dig deep a spacious passage,
That, like a prisoner bound in some dark dun-
geon,

Pants to be free!

FRIAR. Author of mercies, quickly
Visit this wretch with comfort, and administer
Peace to his heart.

JULIO. Weep to behold me, said I?
Never. Oh, no. In bitterness of sorrow,
Will she not rather (whilst her sharp upbraidings
Reach even my grave, and make that bed un-
easy,)

Say this is he, the cause, the accursed cause
Of his wife's shame! What comfort will it
bring her,

That my consent was wanting to her ruin?
Still have I been the cause. Will no one loose
me,

That with these desperate hands, I may invade
The

The region of my heart, and the poor martyr
Pluck out at once ? for now I die by inches.

FRIAR. Oh, dismal period ! Gracious heaven,
restore him !

JULIO. Peace, father, peace ! I am not mad,
but miserable :

Would, would I were.

SEBASTIAN (*to the Spectators*) What, sirs,
now judge you of him ?

FRIAR. The time of death draws nigh.
Think how to meet it.

JULIO. Where is my wife ?

PROVOST. It grieves me ; but Emilia
Is no where to be found.

JULIO. From Albert, fetch her :
His purpose is fulfill'd ; and I must see her.

PROVOST. She went not back to Albert
from the prison.

JULIO. Provost, she did. You are all
leagued against me.
She's with him now. Good gods ! what could
induce me

To part with her ? I was deluded, forc'd
Into the fatal step, by one whom Albert
Sent to deceive me. Curses on my folly !
How could I let her go ?

PROVOST. Force him away.

JULIO. Where is my wife ? This instant
bring her to me :
See her, I will ; I must : or by the hopes
I entertain of bliss, I will not die
Unless you kill me here.

FRIAR.

NOT TOO WELL.

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FRIAR. Have patience.

JULIO. Patience!

Hence with the word. I must, and will behold
her.

If you deny me, I will do,—I know not
How far my rage and my despair may drive me,
But I'll have vengeance. Bring her therefore
to me,

Or by my soul's salvation, I will rather
Suffer wild horses to disjoint and tear me,
Than kneel down to the block.

PROVOST. You must: you must.

FRIAR. Son, as a father, to his child just
plunging
Into a pit, would run and snatch him from it;
So let me thee. This guilty raving silence,
And on heaven's mercy call for instant pardon.

JULIO. Shall I not barely see her?

FRIAR. Never; therefore
Arm you for death; and if you would find
mercy

In your last moments, censure not Lord Albert,
Who is too good to fall into damnation
By such a horrid course.

JULIO. Oh, father, father!
Pity the woes I feel; and thou, Emilia,
Lay not to my account thy loss of honour,
Lost for my sake. Might but my death re-
deem it,

This head I would lay down, as on his pillow
Sinks the tir'd traveller when his bed receives
him,

And

And with the impatience of a bridegroom's
wishes

Chide the slow hour, and think death long ap-
proaching.

PROVOST. On there.

JULIO. One moment more; and I obey
you.

Provost, when I am dead, give thou this ring
To my unhappy wife. Say when I sent it,
I was just going to make full atonement
For the deep wrong which, but for me, had
never

Fallen on her spotless name. Tell her these
eyes,

Which, were she here, she would behold now
revitted

Fast to the earth, have shut bright day-light out,
And closed themselves in death.

PROVOST. This shall she know.

(*Aside to the Friar*) Bear with me, sir: I
soothe him in his frenzy

To a good end.

JULIO. From Padua too, this city,
Where, as contracted in a narrower circle,
Springs every vice that grows in every climate,
Bid her be gone. Charge her with speed to
fly

The public haunts of men; devote her soul
To heaven and prayer, in silence and retire-
ment.

Bid to all past delights a long farewell,

And

And cease to mingle with a laughing world
That scoff and jeer at virtue in misfortunes.

The Provost having promised to inform Emilia of all this, the criminal submits, and the procession, as before, moves forward to the place of execution, where he suffers.

(For the continuation of this story, see that entitled, The Mysterious Ways of Providence, in the next volume.)

A WORD

A

WORD TO THE WISE;

OR,

* LE SAGE ENTEND

À DEMI-MOT.

SCENE, *A room up stairs.*

THE ELDER COMMERCE (*coming in and speaking to a Frenchman.*) This will be your room, sir.

MONSIEUR. Room?

The ELDER. Yes, sir : your chamber, your apartment.

MON-

* To render this piece more entertaining, all the speeches of Monsieur should have been written in a sort of *broken English*: but that circumstance would have afforded no improvement to the readers of this book, who
take

A WORD TO THE WISE. 65

MONSIEUR. Ah, my chamber, or apartment. I shall easily remember that. Room; chamber, or apartment. Very pretty, truly!

The ELDER. It will give me pleasure, sir, if you have every thing you want, while with us. You received my son at Paris with such kindness, that I cannot be too grateful for the favour.

MONSIEUR (*taking out his pocket book*) But for fear I should forget, it will not be amiss to put it down on paper. Room, you say, is chamber, or apartment?

The ELDER. Yes, sir,

MONSIEUR. I am writing down the word.

The ELDER. You take a special method to learn English.

MONSIEUR. I recommended just the same, sir, to your son, when he was with us.

The ELDER. You did very *well*, I must acknowledge.

MONSIEUR. *Well?*

The ELDER. Yes, sir.

MONSIEUR. I did no *well*, sir, the whole time he was in Paris.

take it up for their instruction. It might possibly have made them smile a little. The bad English may be easily supplied by the imagination; and the reader is requested to attend particularly to the words in the italic character, throughout the dialogue; as they exemplify the foreigner's mistakes.

THE ELDER. Pardon me. *Well* means the same as *properly*, or *bien*.

MONSIEUR. Ah, let me write that down too. *Well* is *bien*.

THE ELDER. Yes, sir.

MONSIEUR. I thought, before I quitted Paris, I spoke English tolerably well; but was mistaken, I now see.

THE ELDER. Excuse me. There are many that speak worse, and yet are said to understand our language.

MONSIEUR. Ah, you compliment me. I am quite impatient till your son returns; for he, I fancy, knows my way of speaking.

THE ELDER. He will soon be here: he is but nine miles off, and I have sent to fetch him.

MONSIEUR. *Fetch*? Is that the same as *tell*?

THE ELDER. No. *Fetch* is *chercher* in your tongue.

MONSIEUR. That likewise I must write. *Fetch*; *chercher*.

THE ELDER. I request, sir, you will think yourself at home, while you are here. Whenever you want any thing, you need but tell the servant who will get it you.

MONSIEUR. *Get*, sir, means——

THE ELDER. *Let you have it*.

MONSIEUR. What? So many words in one? I never could have thought it! *Get*, you say, means *let me have it*?

THE ELDER. Yes; *fai e donner*.

MONSIEUR. I will put that down too.

The ELDER. You are in the right.

MONSIEUR. As long as I am in this country, I will speak all English, even when alone; that will teach me.

The ELDER. So it will, sir.

MONSIEUR. *Will?*

The ELDER. Yes. *Will or must. Il faut.*

MONSIEUR. *Will*, as you say, is *must*?

The ELDER. Yes; either of the two will serve for it.

MONSIEUR. I am obliged to you.

The ELDER. Oblig'd? You joke, I fancy.

MONSIEUR. Joke! Not I.—To *joke* is to *be merry*, if I recollect?

The ELDER. It is so.

MONSIEUR. Yes, yes. I have written that a dozen times, or oftner, and you see I am not merry.

ROBIN (*entering*) There's a gentleman below, sir, wants to see you.

The ELDER. Good. I'll wait upon him in an instant. Here is pen and paper, if you want to write, sir. I will come again directly.

MONSIEUR. I shall entertain myself, while you are absent, with my notes.

The ELDER. Whenever you want any thing, call Robin.

MONSIEUR. *Robbing*? Stay: I have that word. Yes, here: the same as *thieving*.

The ELDER. No, sir. Robin is my servant; this man here.

MONSIEUR. Is his name *thieving*?

The ELDER. Ah, ah, ah. No, *Robin*, when it means a name, is quite a different word from *robbing*, or, as you say, *thieving*: but another time I will explain all that: and, in the mean time, sir, if you would send the servant out with any letter, or the like, say, *where*.

MONSIEUR (*writing*) Say *where*.

The ELDER. If you would wish to eat, say *what*.

MONSIEUR (*writing*) Say *what*.

The ELDER. If you would have some wine or other drink, say *so*.

MONSIEUR. Say *so*.

The ELDER. If you would take a liking to go out, say *when*.

MONSIEUR. Say *when*, if I would take a liking to go out. Good.

The ELDER. If you would go to bed, you need but say *the hour*.

MONSIEUR. *The hour* to go to bed.

The ELDER. And likewise to get up.

MONSIEUR. That's comical! the same for both?

The ELDER. I hope my son will soon be here, that he may keep you company.

MONSIEUR. Oh, I don't want him for the present. I have now enough to do to study.

The ELDER. Robin will remain without. You understand me, Robin?

ROBIN. Yes, sir.

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This page misplaced
A WORD TO THE WISE.

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my pocket book, *go there*, as well as *where*. So, stay a little; there it is. *Go there*, then.

ROBIN. Now I understand you; and will run and send it, since I must not leave you. (*Goes out.*)

MONSIEUR. Very well. One ought to have a deal of patience with this servant. Why they gave me such a booby, I cant tell. The whole I know, is, that his want of apprehension has quite put me in a passion; and I want to drink. Without there! Robin! Robin! But he is not yet returned. Yes, here he comes; I hear him on the stair case.

ROBIN (*entering.*) I have sent your letter, sir.

MONSIEUR. Thats well, but *so*.

ROBIN. *So?*

MONSIEUR. Yes, yes. *So*, I say.

ROBIN. *So?* What?

MONSIEUR. I dont want *what*; but *so*.

ROBIN. *So? so?* I dont know what you mean. Say *what*.

MONSIEUR. I want no *what*, I tell you. I want nothing else than *so*.

ROBIN. I cannot understand you.

MONSIEUR. Plague upon it! Surely I make no mistake? (*Looking in his book*) No, no, indeed: tis *so*.

ROBIN. *So?* what?

MONSIEUR. Well, let me have your *what*, then: and, *so*, afterward, since you insist upon it.

ROBIN.

ROBIN. Really, I cant tell what you say.

MONSIEUR. And, yet, your master told me to say *so*.

ROBIN. *So?* *What*, once more, sir?

MONSIEUR. Saying *so*, I dont say *what*: and saying *what*, I dont say *so*.

ROBIN. But I can only bring you what you ask for.

MONSIEUR. What I ask you for, is *so*. But, get your master to come hither. He will make you know his meaning.

ROBIN. He is just gone out.

MONSIEUR. Gone out? that's *when*.

ROBIN. When? Just this moment? but he wont be absent more than twenty minutes, or a quarter of an hour.

MONSIEUR. *Hour?* that means *Gone to bed*: your master told me *so*.

ROBIN. I did not tell you, he is *gone to bed*. I said: *gone out*.

MONSIEUR. Yes, yes, *gone out*: I understand you: *when*.

ROBIN. *When?* Recollect I told you that already; and, besides, informed you he would not be absent more than twenty minutes or a quarter of an *hour*.

MONSIEUR. *Hour*: that means *Gone to bed*. I know it very well: but no one can be both *gone out*, and *gone to bed* at once.

ROBIN. I did not tell you he is *gone to bed*. I said: *gone out*: but I shall never understand your

THE ELDER. And do any thing the gentleman may bid you.

ROBIN. Yes, sir.

THE ELDER. So, at present I shall *quit* you, sir.—Your humble servant.

MONSIEUR. Yours, sir. (*After Mr. Commerce and the servant are both gone*) I shall *kit* you? *kit*? I dont remember that word *kit*. What hindered me from asking? *Kit*? I'll call the servant, who will tell me; so that I may write it down this moment.—Robin!

ROBIN (*at the door.*) Sir.

MONSIEUR. Come hither.

ROBIN. Here I am, sir.

MONSIEUR. What does *kit* mean?

ROBIN. *Kit*?

MONSIEUR. Yes, *kit*.

ROBIN. *Kit? kit?* I cannot tell, sir.

MONSIEUR. Mr. Commerce said so, just this moment.

ROBIN. *Kit*? Oh, now I have it, sir.—A dancing master's kit.

MONSIEUR. A dancing master's?

ROBIN. Yes, sir. Dont you know that dancing-masters sometimes fiddle.

MONSIEUR. Play upon the violin?

ROBIN. Yes, sir. Well, then, a little violin is what they call a *kit*.

MONSIEUR. Does *kit* mean that?

ROBIN. Yes, sir.

MONSIEUR. Yet, Mr. Commerce was not talking of a dancing master.

ROBIN. *Kit*, however, means a dancing master's little fiddle.

MONSIEUR. It must have two meanings, then; and I will ask him when he comes. Plague take the language! Mr. Commerce was quite right to hope his son would soon be here. He will be useful to me. (*He takes out his letters of recommendation.*) Ah, here's one that I must send away this moment. Robin?

ROBIN. Sir.

MONSIEUR (*Giving him a letter.*) Hold. *Where.*

ROBIN. What, sir?

MONSIEUR. *Where.*

ROBIN. *Where?* What am I to do, sir.

MONSIEUR. *Where*, I say.

ROBIN. *Where?* What is that? I can't speak French.

MONSIEUR. But, *where*, is English. *Where.* I have it in my pocket book. (*He looks*) Yes, *where.*

ROBIN. But, *where*, alone means nothing.

MONSIEUR. Nothing? Why, you understand not your own mother tongue. Your master told me to say *where*, and give you any letter I might want delivered.

ROBIN. But, to send a letter, no one, as I ever heard, says *where*; and nothing farther: but, Go there.

MONSIEUR. Go there?

ROBIN. Yes, sir.

MONSIEUR. Then, I must write down in
my

your French. And, luckily here comes my other master.

MONSIEUR. Was there ever such a block-head! he shall never understand my French! I'm out of patience.

The YOUNGER COMMERCE (*coming in.*) Ah, my dear *Le Jeune*! I'm quite rejoiced to see you.

MONSIEUR. So am I too,

The YOUNGER. I was told you would not, till to-morrow night, reach London. Pray excuse me for not being here at your arrival.

MONSIEUR. I have seen your father; but cant think why he should give me such an ignoramus to attend me, as this *Thieving*?

The YOUNGER. As this *Thieving*?

MONSIEUR. Ah! I mean the other *Robbing*. Of what country is he?

The YOUNGER. This, and born in London.

MONSIEUR. Then, he does not understand his mother tongue.

The YOUNGER. Not understand his mother tongue?

ROBIN. The gentleman said nothing else than *where, when, hour*, and such like words. I dont know whether he talks French or English.

MONSIEUR. There, he tells you so himself.

The YOUNGER. For my part, I dont understand him either: but, tell *me*, sir, what you want.

MONSIEUR.

MONSIEUR. Well, what I want, is *so*.

The YOUNGER. *So*? What?

MONSIEUR. Aye, there again! that's just what he said: I said *So*; and he would answer me with *what*.

The YOUNGER. Well, this is singular enough! Speak French, then.

MONSIEUR. No, sir. I have made a vow that I would constantly speak English in this country. And, besides, your father told me to say *So*.

The YOUNGER. *So*? *What*?

MONSIEUR. No, no, no; it is not *what* I want, but *so*.

The YOUNGER. This is a strange affair between you. Robin, go down stairs, and tell my father he is wanted here.

MONSIEUR. Your father, I can tell you, sir, is *when*, as Robin told me, and the *hour*.

The YOUNGER. *When*, and the *hour*?

ROBIN. Yes, that's his way of talking. 'Tis impossible to understand him.

MONSIEUR. Or you either. I imagined I knew English, better: yet, your father bid me say whatever I told Robin.

The YOUNGER. Here my father comes. He will explain the whole.

MONSIEUR. Yes, yes; and you will find I followed his direction.

The ELDER COMMERCE (*coming in.*) My dear sir; I ask your pardon; but the gentleman
I was

A WORD TO THE WISE. 75

I was called down to speak with, had some business at the water side to do, and I was under the necessity of *going out*.

MONSIEUR. Yes, I remember: *when*. You find your lessons are not lost upon me.

The ELDER. But, I hope you have had every thing you wanted?

The YOUNGER. There's the difficulty, sir. Our friend has asked for many things, I find; which Robin could not give him.

The ELDER. And, why not?

ROBIN. Because I did not understand the gentleman.

MONSIEUR. And yet, you bade me, if I wanted drink, say *so*. Well, then, I asked him *so*, and he would give me *what*. I wished to speak with you, and he said *when*: and (for I put it down, and here it is) the *hour*. I never saw his fellow! he would make me out a fool.

The ELDER. Why, what does all this mean?

MONSIEUR. I will explain myself more clearly if I am but able; for I put down every thing in writing. (*He opens the pocket book, and reads*) If you wish to send the servant out with any letter or the like, say *where*. Is not this copied from your words?

The ELDER. Yes, sir.

MONSIEUR. Well, then, I said, as you directed, *where*; and Robin would not understand me then: but afterwards he sent.

The ELDER. Sent, Robin? What?

ROBIN.

ROBIN. A letter, sir; for the direction was upon it.

The ELDER. Good.

MONSIEUR. Yes, good, indeed! but, it was very difficult to make him understand even that.

ROBIN. The gentleman said nothing but *where, where*. I could not comprehend his meaning, for my life.

MONSIEUR. But, I spoke properly; or, ask your master. Did I not?

The ELDER. I think so.

MONSIEUR. Afterwards, I wished to have a little drink, I said, as you informed me, *so*: but, he would give me *what*. It was not *what*, I wanted. I requested he would fetch me *so*.

The ELDER. *So*?

MONSIEUR. Yes. Do you not understand me. In the next place, I desired to speak with you; but, he made answer, you were *when*; and, as I have already said, the *hour*. I could not tell what he was talking of.

The ELDER. Nor I, sir, what you mean to tell me.

MONSIEUR. This is strange indeed, when I expressed myself as you directed me to do.

The ELDER. I, sir.

The YOUNGER. Did you direct him to say *where*, and *so*, and so forth.

The ELDER. No, not I.

MONSIEUR.

A WORD TO THE WISE. 77

MONSIEUR. Not you, sir? what, then, says my memorandum.

The YOUNGER. Read once more, dear sir, what you have written.

MONSIEUR (*reading.*) When you wish to send the servant out with any letter, or the like, say *where*. Well, then, once more, I did say *where*.

The ELDER. Yes, yes, I see the matter now; but, then, you should have said where you would have the letter go.

MONSIEUR. Where I would have the letter go? Ah! ah! I could not have imagined that: but, I will write it down: and yet, not now; to-morrow will be soon enough. But, I have more here in my pocket book, which Robin would not understand. (*Reading*) If you would wish to drink, say *so*. Well, then, I did say *so*: but, Robin answered *what*. I wanted, for my part, no *what*, I wanted *so*.

The ELDER. I said, indeed, if you should wish to drink, say *so*: that is, say you would wish to drink.

MONSIEUR. Ah! ah! I understand. (*Looking into his pocket book*) Well, in the next place, I have written, if you wish to eat, say *what*.

The ELDER. What you wish to eat.

MONSIEUR. Yes, yes. I understand it now.

The YOUNGER. No doubt, sir, but you do.

MONSIEUR. And yet, I did not think of that. (*Reading again*) If you should take a liking to go out, say *when*.

The ELDER. When, or the time of day you would go out.

MONSIEUR. Ah! ah! I thought, *when* was as much as if I had pronounced the words *go out*. I understand the matter now. And, then, (*he reads again*) If you would wish to go to bed, you need but say the *hour*.

The ELDER. The hour you would go to bed.

MONSIEUR. When I would go to bed; and as you told me, too, when I would rise. There was the difficulty which I did not understand. The fault was wholly mine, since I am less acquainted with the English language, than I thought.

The ELDER. Make no apology for such a trifle.

MONSIEUR. I entreat your pardon. I am vexed at having been so angry with your servant.

The ELDER. Come to supper: you must need, by this time, some refreshment.

MONSIEUR. With a deal of pleasure. Why was I so vexed with Robin, when the fault was only mine?

The YOUNGER. A glass of punch will settle every thing.

The ELDER. Come, come.

MONSIEUR. I will so.

The

THE ELDER (*stopping Monsieur.*) We have here a proverb, sir, *A word*, if you remember, *to the wise*. How do the French express it?

MONSIEUR. Ah, *Le sage entend a demi mot*.

THE ELDER. Which is in English?—

MONSIEUR. Stay—The wise man understands you if you speak but half a word.

THE ELDER. But, you, Monsieur, could not conceive my meaning in whole words.

THE YOUNGER. Ah! ah!

MONSIEUR. I could not; that I must confess.

THE ELDER. And, what may we infer from hence?

MONSIEUR. I know not.

THE ELDER. That the English are more modest. Ah! ah! ah!

A N E C D O T E.

THE Duke of Montmorenci, son to the high constable of France, in the reign of Louis XIV., upon the death of his father, would not suffer the household of this last to be cashiered. He added them to his own. He had never less than thirty pages, and as many

gentlemen attendants, all provided for magnificently. We may easily persuade ourselves, that, in proportion to these gentlemen and pages, must the number of the other servants, too, have been. The Duchess, though a woman of a generous spirit, thought it was her duty to retrench a little, and accordingly advised her husband on that head. The Duke pretending to come into her œconomising measures, had the list of all his servants brought him: but, no sooner did the Duchess mention any officer or servant that she fancied useless, than he undertook to speak in his defence. One, he observed, was wanted for his gentlemen; another had been recommended by his friend; and so forth, through the whole. In short, there were but two out of the list, whose cause seemed hopeless, when the Duke, addressed the Duchess, asking, if she really supposed those two would be a burden to his fortune. *Are they not,* said he, *sufficiently unhappy, being good for nothing? Ought we to increase their sorrow, by dismissing them.*

THE
EXPIATED CRIME.

A
D R A M A,
IN
FIVE ACTS.

NO H 3

CHARACTERS.

SIRUS, *king of Syria.*

SARDIS, *his prime minister.*

SERGESTAN, *prince of Syria.*

AGENOR, *the prince's friend.*

ORIXA, *daughter to Sardis.*

PHAREL, *reputed father to Agenor.*

MOROC, *Sergestan's bondman.*

ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, &c.

*This drama is drawn by the Editor from a story
in the Gentleman's Magazine for January,
1776, and there entitled, The Oracle.*

THE
EXPIATED CRIME.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *an apartment in the house of
Sardis.*

AGENOR and ORIXA.

ORIXA.

STILL will you distract me thus, Agenor!
Can your friend Sergestan be an obstacle to
your felicity? What, he, that has so often
sworn—

AGENOR. That you may know how
wretched I am doomed to be, and since it is a
secret you must be at last informed of, hear it
now. Sergestan has conceived a passion for
you.

you. Call, then, your affections back from me, Orixá, would you fly from ruin; for this rival of Agenor is a prince.

ORIXA. A prince!

AGENOR. And, what is more, the son of Sirus. You are lost in wonder. Ibrahim, the priest, when he was born, foretold that a relation would in future make attempt upon his life; and, therefore, was he sent by Sirus to be nursed in private by my mother, who resided in a cottage far from court, near the Euphrates.

ORIXA. Is it possible?

AGENOR. I, too, was then an infant. And, as both of us grew up, our friendship for each other has been constantly increasing. He is now full eighteen years of age; and, as you know, for some time past, has been residing here, and I, too, with him, in your father's house, that he may learn such sciences as suit a throne. Of his illustrious birth, I did not know myself; and, that he may deserve your love, to-morrow will his birth be published through the land.

ORIXA. Let him bear rule in Syria, and command the world; my only wish is happiness with you.

AGENOR. With me? Alas! my fortune wounds my feelings through such kindness; since I never can return it. By that secret marriage which connects us, and the infant that has been its fruit; by these, let me conjure you to determine whether I, who am a poor
man's

man's son, should ever have aspired so high as to your worth and beauty, which, even royalty itself is not possessed of wealth enough to buy,

ORIXA. Would you upbraid my love with such an imputation? Do me greater justice than to think I love you less sincerely than I should, had you been born a king.

AGENOR. I am much happier than a king, Orixas, in possessing you; and yet, of what avail is all *my* happiness, if to continue it, you must accompany my flight from Syria; which must be the case, if, when your father is made privy to the vows between us, you would still be mine: but, it shall never be; for, I will fly myself, nor shall you be involved in my hard fate.

ORIXA. Oh, would to heaven I could but mitigate that fate, by flying with you; which, however, I design to do.

AGENOR. I could not but suppose as much; and, yet, how little do I merit such exalted goodness! You will say so, when I tell you my whole crime; for I am come upon a cruel business. Would you think it; but, the prince, supposing nothing but good-will subsists between us, has besought me to solicit you in his behalf: and with your father's approbation, will he come this very morning to be told what hopes you grant him.

ORIXA. Hopes, Agenor?

AGENOR. They will be as many deaths to me,

me. Let me, however, love you still ; even though my passion lead me to the scaffold.

ORIXA. To the scaffold ! Yes, it is indeed too certain you must die, when Sardis shall be told the secret of our marriage : his ambition will not brook the thought that I have wedded so beneath me. What, then, shall I do, that my Agenor may be safe ?

AGENOR. Be not so good, unless, indeed, you can instruct me how I may repay such tenderness—for, love that is not madness, must fall short of what I owe you. I resign myself in every thing to your good will ; and, though I know your frown must kill Sergestan, I will rend the ties that have till now united us. I part with every thing ; my aged father, my king, friends, and country. But, I see *your* father, he is coming, and with tidings of the prince. I leave you for a while. Receive his information as a matter you expected not. Farewell. (*Going, but returning*) Let me, however, ask one favour of you, namely, to receive Sergestan when he comes, with all that gentleness inherent to your nature. When he kneels before you, sink him not at once into despair ; for, need I tell you, if my friend's poor heart must be distracted, sorrow will go near to break my own. (*He goes out.*)

ORIXA. Oh, heaven, who could have possibly supposed all this, last night ! Yes, he is coming ; but, lie still my heart, and let me strive to hear his tidings with dissimulation.

SARDIS.

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SARDIS (*coming in.*) Dear, dear child, how is it with you? Have you seen Segestan.

ORIXA. Not to day, fir.

SARDIS. You will shortly, then, and, till he come, give ear to what a happy father has to speak of, in his name.

ORIXA (*aside.*) I dread to hear what follows!

SARDIS. That I may not keep you in suspense, Orix, know that on the morrow will our prince Sergestan, (and, by what strange means he has acquired that name, I will hereafter mention;) yes, Orix, know that on the morrow will our prince Sergestan take you as his bride.

ORIXA. His bride, fir! I am dumb with wonder!

SARDIS. In your silence, I shall read your joy, as well as your consent: so be prepared.

ORIXA. And, do you wish, fir, I should wed him?

SARDIS. Do I wish you should become a queen? My past affection will best answer such a question. Were it possible yourself could be unwilling on this great occasion, I could not evince my love by any way, so much as using force.

ORIXA. Tis as I feared.

SARDIS. You feared?

ORIXA. I am indeed to blame. I know it; but am ruined, if you force this match upon me.

SARDIS.

SARDIS. Ruined. Let me go, When I have toiled to make you happy, is it thus you would repay my love, and insolently urge I ruin you?

ORIXA. Why force me to espouse Sergestan, when I hardly know him yet? You have yourself, sir, often told me, love alone can make two people happy. I have felt its force already in that love you show me.

SARDIS. If you wish that love should last, obey; but, more than all, beware of trifling with your honour; for, my heart misgives me, and I fear you shun this marriage with the prince, because your heart is with another. Should it be so, you have broke your father's heart, and will soon send him to the grave with sorrow.

ORIXA. Dear, dear father! wound not, thus, my heart: I could, indeed, say something. if it were not for the tempest in your eye.

SARDIS (*aside.*) I must dissemble. — You mistake my eye, Orixia.

ORIXA. Could I trust you!

SARDIS. Still, as I have always been, will I evince myself your father; and, if even you have yielded up your heart, I will consider it the fault of youth. Only confess, and I will pardon you; nay, promise you shall marry him you have made choice of.

ORIXA. Such paternal goodness overcomes me: and my gratitude acknowledges the truth of

of your suspicions : but, when I have named my choice, should you object the meanness of it, you would break my heart.

SARDIS. I will not ; for, who am I, but the father that still loves you ?

ORIXA. Think, then, of Agenor.

SARDIS. Of Agenor ! of the prince's friend !
A peasant's son ?

ORIXA. You are displeased.

SARDIS. No : not at all.

ORIXA. Your looks, alas, too plainly tell me so.

SARDIS. My looks deceive you.—Tis surprise, and not displeasure you see there. —
(*Aside*) A beggar ! but no matter ! — (*Aloud*)
On the other hand, I must acknowledge you are not to blame ; for, who is always master of her heart.—(*Aside*) And yet, in spite of prudence my resentments will have way.—Let me consider.—(*Aloud*) Leave me.

ORIXA. Do you pardon me ?

SARDIS. That were the same as to suppose you had done wrong. But, every one may love where she approves. Go in then, but observe what I am now to tell you.—
When Sergestan comes, you must employ a little art, and not take from him every hope of gaining your affections. Let this caution have its proper weight : but, more than every thing besides, conceal his rival's name. Your inexperience cannot see what consequences might ensue if that should be once known. Go in,
10 I and

and be consoled, when you remember you are still my child.

ORIXA. I am, and cannot be unhappy.
(*She goes out.*)

SARDIS. I remember it was formerly foretold, Sergestan's life would be attempted by the hand of some relation. These vile priests deal out their deadly prophecies, that our credulity may bribe them to avert the danger by their prayers. What, then, if I can fix this crime they have pretended would take place, upon Agenor? His close friendship with Sergestan, may amount to something like relationship; and nothing shall avert the punishment he will appear to merit. When by these means he is put away, Orixia then may turn her eye upon Sergestan. I will set about it now; but I observe, the prince is coming. (*To Sergestan, entering.*) Why have you withdrawn yourself, my lord? Orixia is within, and ready to receive you.

SERGESTAN. Trust me, my good Sardis, I am more than usually sad. What should I think? How will the generous maid receive my suit? She will not, surely, scorn it?

SARDIS. When a king commands, the subject ought to pay obedience; so, that were Orixia, in this case, unwilling to be happy, I should think there were a kindness in that force which should compel her to an act of duty.

SERGESTAN. But, I would not owe my happiness to force; for, should Orixia have already

ready chosen for herself, I think I could put off the lover, and become the priest, to wed her at the altar to another.

SARDIS. If your highness will but walk within, I pledge my promise, that Orixia will, as far as modesty permits her, be disposed to entertain your suit. If it be otherwise, let me intreat you to believe it is her bashfulness alone that now is the offender. I, for my part, wish your suit succeeds. (*After Sergestan is gone out*) He's gone, and now for what may render his success more sure. — Within there! — Moroc! Tis, indeed, a little dreadful; but, that nothing may obstruct my daughter's aggrandizement, what should I decline? (*To Moroc, entering*) Come near me. — Nearer. — And now, Moroc, as in all things hitherto I have experienced your fidelity, let me experience it at present. That fidelity would, of itself, be your reward; but, still my bounty shall add any thing thereto you may desire.

MOROC. Speak, my good lord.

SARDIS. You must remember, with what ransom I delivered you from slavery, when you became a captive here, and promised you your freedom on the terms of ten years servitude: but, if to day you serve me, do but say what recompence you look for, though it be immediate freedom, and I swear you shall obtain it.

MOROC. And, on my part, by the God of
10 I 2 Persia

Persia thus I swear, I will endeavour to deserve so great a blessing.

SARDIS. Mark me. Sirus, as the rumour goes, has for a long time been afflicted; and the cause of that affliction is a prophecy relating to his son, whose life it is foretold will be endangered by some kindred hand. Now, Moroc, could not you attempt an enterprize, not only innocent, but one that will restore the king to that serenity which he has lost.

MOROC. Else, wherefore have I sworn?

SARDIS. Where is Agenor?

MOROC. My lord, this very moment he went out, and is to join Sergestan in the forest, where they always hunt.

SARDIS. Tis well. Go you, then, my good Moroc, to their place of meeting. Draw your sword, and make a feigned attack upon Sergestan, taking care, however, not to wound him; after which, give up your sword. The guard that are at all times near him, will lay hands upon you; but, fear nothing even from imprisonment; for, in the interim, I will accuse his friend Agenor, and throw all the crime on him.

MOROC. My lord!

SARDIS. You start! but, trust me, such a stratagem shall be attempted, and yet, neither you, or I, though I advise it, merit censure: for, Agenor's seeming treason thus defeated, Sirus shall be freed from future apprehension; since, brought up as he has been at all times
with

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with Sergestan, Sirus shall consider him as that relation by the prophecy alluded to.

MOROC. But, then, Agenor?

SARDIS. Him, too, will I save by my authority with Sirus. Your own life shall be the recompence of your repentance. You seem satisfied; nor is there scarce a moment to be wasted. Come, then, and within I will inform you farther. *(They go out.)*

A C T II.

SCENE I. *the open country.*

AGENOR *(alone.)*

THE fury of the chase is over, while our panting huntsmen in yon grove, are sheltered from the sun.—Let me reflect before I meet my friend; Till yesterday, when was it I had any secret I kept from him?—He is much more generous himself than that. He has confided his affection for Orixia, to me, and desired I would become his intercessor. I consented, but am perjured to my promise.—What then will the consequences be,—But, he is coming, and dissimulation now must be the wretched part I am to act. *(To Sergestan, coming in)* Good morrow. You have seen Orixia, then. Tell me,

me, for I am anxious to know every thing, what hope does she vouchsafe you ?

SERGEAN. Mention not the word ; for I am disappointed.

AGENOR. Disappointed, do you say, Sergeant ? What ! received with coldness ? But, were that the case, still be of courage, and pursue your suit ; for, in the end, she must be won.

SERGEAN. Your friendship mitigates my pain : and through your future aid, if I may have it——

AGENOR. If, Sergeant ? I am wholly yours, and have no wish whereof your happiness is not the object. But, who comes this way ?

MOROC (*entering disguised, and speaking to Sergeant.*) Defend yourself.

SERGEAN. Defend myself ! What means the man ?

MOROC. Your life, while I am speaking, is in danger.

SERGEAN. He must certainly be mad. Pass on, Agenor.

MOROC. Must I murder you, unarmed ?

SERGEAN. Away, I do not know you.

MOROC. But, you will, e'er long. Draw, then, I say ; for one of us must die.

SERGEAN. I know you not. You are mistaken. — Go, and elsewhere seek redress, if any one has wronged you.

MOROC. I am braved, then, am I ?

SERGEAN. Execrable villain !

MOROC.

MOROC (*seemingly aside to Agenor.*) We are safe as yet.

AGENOR. Safe! what means this? Begone.

SERGESTAN. You are unarmed, and might but lose your life. I can defend myself.

MOROC (*coming on.*) I—

AGENOR. Advance another step, and you are dead.

MOROC. This is too much: I know you well—you are Agenor, Let that single word instruct you to be wise.

SERGESTAN (*advancing towards Moroc.*) Wretch!

AGENOR. Give me way; I am no child, and surely can protect myself.

MOROC (*aside.*) It works as could be wished.

AGENOR. What danger would you run into, Sergestan? Has not Sirius will'd that for your safety, none attending on you should be armed? But you defeat his caution by encountering upon equal terms, a villain who would kill you: so desist, my lord; nay, if you will not, there can be no other way than to compel you. (*Disarming Segestan.*)

SERGESTAN. You were once my freind, Agenor: give me back my sword, or you conspire against me.

AGENOR. No, Sergestan; I consult your safety at the risque of my own life.

MOROC (*aside.*) Well thought of! I could not have hoped as much!—(*To Agenor.*) You hear the prince, Agenor? Let him have his sword;

sword; for I repent. Hence, instrument of murder, from me. (*Throwing away his sword.*)

AGENOR. I am utterly amazed!

MOROC (*To Agenor.*) Give back the prince his sword; or (*turning to Sergestan*) let your highness take up mine; and punish me as I deserve. (*He kneels.*)

SERGEStan. More wonder still! Are you a murderer, and thus sue for punishment? Rise, and make known this instant, who you are.

MOROC. As you have said, my prince; a murderer: but repenting in the dust, and one whose shame bereaves him of all speech. Then spare me the confusion of revealing who I am, and read it here. (*Unmasking.*)

SERGEStan. As I have life it is the slave of Sardis!—Is it not, Agenor?

AGENOR. Yes, indeed, that face *was* his. What brought you hither on this base design?

MOROC. Base you yourself, who tempted me to sin, that you might afterwards desert me. Worthy youth, I have deserved to die; yet do not kill me yet, till I have made some small atonement for my guilt by naming my abettor.

SERGEStan. Speak, then; but be brief.

MOROC. Agenor, then is my abettor. He disarmed you that my sword might execute its bloody purpose; but the means which we agreed on to effect this murder, have preserved you.

SERGEStan. I am lost in wonder: but Agenor, why do you stand silent?

AGENOR.

AGENOR. What I ought to say, I know not. I am charged with plotting to destroy you. Let your guard be therefore summoned. I will yield myself their prisoner; and submit to the severest sentence, if on trial I should be found guilty. (*Sounds.*)

SERGESTAN. Trial! be a trial your accuser's portion. I should surely die with grief, were I to see my brother bound. Yes, my Agenor, you shall be an honourable evidence against this Moroc at my father's bar of justice.

MOROC. If——

SERGESTAN. No more. Where is our guard?

AGENOR. Hear him, I beg you; or the world will call your goodness partiality; and more particularly hear him, since I dare defy his malice.

MOROC. You consent; and I will therefore tell the whole. Your friend, from motives that he said he could not mention, urged me to this murder; and for recompence, engaged to favour my escape from Syria here to Indostan, where I have living still a wife and children, that were torn from my embrace when I became a slave. Here is your guard. I have confessed the truth, and will abide it.

SERGESTAN (*to the guard that enter.*) Officer, I have a prisoner for you, and deliver the assassin.

OFFICER. The assassin!

MOROC.

MOROC. If you mean to do your duty, fir, lay hands upon Agenor. He is my abettor.

AGENOR. I am ready.

SERGESTAN. Hence to prison with him. Come Agenor.

OFFICER. But Agenor is accused.

SERGESTAN. Villains! stand off.—Why, officer, is this?

OFFICER. Your highness must excuse me. I am only in my duty.

AGENOR. Yes, and I resign the sword. There, take it, fir; and do not, my good friend, detain me here, for I resolve to go.

SERGESTAN. But what, pray, has he done?

OFFICER. Your highness has accused this man, and he your friend. This is the cause of my proceeding thus. Would you obstruct me in the execution of my duty, judge what consequences may ensue.

AGENOR (*to the officer.*) A moment's patience, and I go.—(*To Sergestan.*) Your love is in this instance blind; since by persisting in it, you may cause my death. Reflect on this, and let me go.

SERGESTAN. Go to a prison?

AGENOR. Yes.

SERGESTAN. And must my friendship suffer this; It must. At least then, Officer, indulge me with one wish: my father's council are by now assembled in the court of justice; and sit waiting his approach, that he may hear, as usual,
the

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the petitions of his subjects. Bear Agenor thither with me, and I yield him to you.

OFFICER. I consent. So, some of you conduct the moor to prison, and the others go with me.

SCENE II. *a hall of justice.*

Several COUNSELLORS seated, and PETITIONERS attending.

FIRST PETITIONER. When he has passed us, then will be the time to kneel before him with your suit. And, hark, these trumpets tell us he draws nigh. (*A flourish.*)

A HERALD (*entering before Sirus and his attendants.*) The king!—Prostrate yourselves before him, Syrians.

SECOND PETITIONER (*after Sirus, with formalities, has been conducted to his throne.*) Health to your Majesty. I am a suitor to your mercy, for relief from an unfeeling creditor.

SIRUS. Relate your case—

SARDIS (*entering.*) Health and dominion to your Majesty. And may your reign be full of days in future not less happy than the present, when foul treason gasps upon the ground beneath the ruin it has planned. Not to detain your Majesty, let me inform you, that this morning was the prince's life attempted; but, the gods of Syria have preserved him. And to verify the observation, see where the detested monster comes, attended by the prince,
who

who thinks him guiltless, having more humanity himself than to commit so horrid an offence. Let every one depart.

SERGESTAN (*entering with Agenor, followed by the officer and guard, while the ball is clearing.*) Oh, my good lord and father, justice! justice! I will never quit this posture till you grant it.

SIRUS. Are there any here enjoy their perfect understanding? Were I sure the present scene were real, I should say, this wretch was once the partner of my son's affection, the beloved Agenor.

SARDIS. Would to heaven it were not so; but there he stands before you as he is, the wretch—

SERGESTAN. False Sardis!—Age, that youth should look on with respect, is infamous to you. Do not restrain me, friend; for, I will scatter to the winds that scandalous white beard of his.

AGENOR. Do not, my lord, press lower still a wretched man. I am no murderer; but, if you accuse me likewise, I must yield to my sad fortune.

SIRUS. Guilt is written on your cheek, or I would ask you; Is this so.

AGENOR. And can you, then, condemn me when unheard? but, let my sovereign know I am without the consciousness of guilt; and, if I feel one pang, it is occasioned by the
thought

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thought that death, if I must die, will tear me from my friend.

SERGESTAN. Away! away! it would be villainy, should I give way to fear. He never fought my life. He that accuses him, shall die this instant.

SIRUS. Rash young man! Be dumb! but who comes here?

Another OFFICER (*entering, with Moroc guarded.*) The traitor that Agenor leagued with. This short scroll contains the manner of the attempt.

SIRUS, Tis well. (*Taking the paper, and reading it.*)

AGENOR (*to Sergestan.*) Be at peace: Heaven cuts me off, for some unknown, but yet good purpose. For your sake to die, Sergestan, should not, I acknowledge, give me pain.

SIRUS. Heaven, surely, has been busy here. Read, officer; and tell us every thing you know of what is written in this paper.

SERGESTAN (*to Agenor.*) You are pale: but, yet, fear not; for, rather shall my hand tear out the accursed tongue of Sardis that accuses you.

OFFICER. The whole, my liege, is true. I saw it with my eyes: the prince's sword was in Agenor's hand; he had disarmed him.

SIRUS. Oh, too plain! It was, besides, foretold that a relation would attempt this deed; and, my affection looked upon Agenor as a son. You, Moroc, we forgive for thus re-

lenting in the deed. Take him away to prison, till by course of law he is released : but, as for this vile wretch, whose guilt has made him nameless, bear him to the dungeon, till such time as preparation can be made for public justice.

SERGESTAN (*to Sirus, while Agenor and the Moor are carried off.*) Call him, call him back. I have a thousand things to say. Avert this ignominious death, if only for my sake. Good Sardis kneel you with me.—

SARDIS. I obey ; and am a suppliant, dread sovereign, for Agenor's pardon. Should he now be spared, and in the sequel, perpetrate the deed some safer way—

SERGESTAN. He never thought of killing his dear friend. The thought alone that by the course of nature I might die before him, he could never bear. If he must die, then, he will prove a sacrifice for ends most damnable ; and I, myself, shall scarce survive him. Do I not, alas ! while I am speaking now, feel something in me, just as if my blood were ebbing out apace, and had attained the mark where it must stop ?

SIRUS. Be near him, Sardis. He is fainting. Break not my sad heart, Sergestan. When, in future, you shall have a child yourself, then will you know the affection of a father. Do not, then, insist on mercy for Agenor ; since, as long as he is living, apprehension for your safety, every day will kill me.

SARDIS.

SARDIS (*aside.*) Sirus, I have cause to fear, relents.

SIRUS. Where would you go, Sergestan?

SERGESTAN. First, to bid my friend farewell: where, afterward, heaven only knows.

SIRUS. What can I do? Alas! 'tis justice, and not Sirus, that condemns Agenor.

SERGESTAN. Justice! justice would preserve him, if it were not for a father, who condemns ere he have time to know what justice would determine.

SIRUS. I have, then, some hope: and, to evince my love, Agenor shall be respited till evening. By the hour of five, bring proof that he is innocent, or own he suffers justly.

SERGESTAN. I entreat no more, and bear him these glad tidings.

SIRUS (*to the attendants.*) ' Follow with our respite, to the prison, whither he is gone.—Lead on the rest.

SARDIS (*alone.*) He shall be respited till evening; and, if then found innocent, how long? Too long for my ambition; but the knowledge of that innocence my dagger shall suppress for ever, in the heart of Moroc. I have now begun, and like the mariner who thinks not in the tempest of returning back to shore, must launch still farther out, or sink. Yes, this presumptuous rival of Sergestan in his love, must die; or my ambition will not mount its height. The moor is safe in prison. To persuade him to the deed, I promised I

would intercede with Sirius for Agenor's pardon. I must think maturely of it, and complete the project thus begun.

ACT III.

SCENE I, *a prison.*

ORIXA (*alone.*)

HEAVEN guard me to Agenor through these horrors! On what stone, poor mourner, do you lay your head in expectation of my coming. I am here, then, my Agenor; but—

AGENOR. Who names Agenor, thus? My wife!

ORIXA. Oh, I am sick at heart! But, what, Agenor! do you shun me?

AGENOR. I would now be private. Leave me, then, Orixia.

ORIXA. Leave you! I have not, then, feared without just reason. Your misfortunes have impaired your understanding, and you know not you are speaking to Orixia.

AGENOR. Too, too well, I know it. Would to heaven, for my present comfort, I had never seen you!

ORIXA. I confess, indeed, the tears I have been shedding for your sake, since morning, have

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have disfigured me : but, though my outward form is altered, my affection, on the other hand, remains unchanged.

AGENOR. Oh, you are every thing I wished you on our wedding night ; but you shall know the cause of my distress. This is the cause ; (*looking round about him*) this melancholy place. The moments I have left should be employed on heaven : but, I devote them, on the other hand, to you. When I would pray, my thoughts come down to anchor on my wife, and every thing is left undone.

ORIXA. If it be so, alas ! you should, indeed detest me, as I now detest myself. Let me begone, Agenor. If I stay, I shall obstruct your suffering soul.

AGENOR. No ; pardon, and stay with me still ; for, is there not a sort of virtue in the love we pay to so much goodness ? In your arms, I may anticipate that heaven I wish to find hereafter.

ORIXA. Never : were you to approach them, I would, in my turn, shun you.

AGENOR. It is not, I acknowledge, now a time for dalliance. For your own sake, therefore, my Orixia, leave me.

ORIXA. Not till I have made a full confession of my guilt. You might be dragged to death, not knowing it was I that have destroyed you.

AGENOR. It was you that have destroyed me !

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ORIXA. Cursed be the cause of this day's grief!

AGENOR. May it be doubly cursed, Orixas; since it tears us from each other.

ORIXA. Justly have you prayed, Agenor; for tis I am now the object of your curse.

AGENOR. The object of my curse! Your understanding is disturbed. 'Tis, therefore, my last prayer, that you retire.

ORIXA. Oh, heavens! was not my father's bondman your accuser?

AGENOR. Yes, Orixas: but, why ask that question?

ORIXA. Oh, I am cursed!

AGENOR. Say not, Orixas, so; when, on the other hand, you have the power of blessing. Bless me, therefore, and depart. To tarry longer might distract you.

ORIXA. Just before I left my father, he enjoined me to keep nothing secret from him, fearing, as he said, Sergestan was refused, because I had another lover; and such condescending terms of goodness did he use, that I considered it my duty to inform him how I had disposed of my affections.

AGENOR. Ah, Orixas!

ORIXA. I pronounced the name of my Agenor; and had certainly revealed the secret of our marriage, if he had but deigned me any farther hearing. Moroc, therefore, has been bribed against you.

AGENOR. But, to serve what purpose?
Wrong

Wrong not, thus, your father's virtue. Could he be so guilty, then : — But, hark ; for I am summoned ! (*A noise within.*)

ORIXA. Summoned ! Whither ?

AGENOR. Whither, my Orix, but to execution ?

ORIXA. Terrible idea ! Is there, then, no way to save you ?

AGENOR. Grieve not thus, for me. I ought to die with pleasure, since I die to serve my friend.

ORIXA. But, think on your Orix ! on your wife !

AGENOR. Unkind Orix ! why would you recall my recollection ? I had almost learned to look with scorn on ruin. But now every thing is changed, and dreadful thoughts assail me. Endless separation, and this instant. Save me, my Orix. I am only man, and cannot brave the idea.

SERGESTAN (*entering.*). Where is my dear friend ? (*seeing them embrace.*) Ah what ? where ? how ? Am I awake or no ?

AGENOR. 'Tis my Sergestan's voice.

SERGESTAN. It must be all delusion. Speak, if you have but a tongue, and tell me where I am.

AGENOR. With me, with your lost friend, with your Agenor.

SERGESTAN. My Agenor. Either I see things that are not, or hear much amiss. Which of my senses shall I trust ?

AGENOR.

AGENOR. You are disturbed. Yet listen to my story. You conceive yourself abus'd; but what I have to say, will show I could not wrong you.

SERGEStan. Could not wrong me! look, then on Orixa; and make answer, if you have not wronged me there?

AGENOR. If you will hear me speak,——

SERGEStan. Unparalleled dissimulation! in the loss of beauty are you lulled so fast, that your approaching danger will not warn you to solicit Heaven's forgiveness? Falsest of false friends! a shameful death will be the just reward of so much perfidy.

A MESSENGER (*entering.*) The King, Agenor, at Sergestan's suit, defers your execution till the dial points at five. His mercy grants this respite, that if guiltless,—

SERGEStan. No; bear back the respite. Every thing is manifest. and I revoke my pity now.

MESSENGER. Your highness will excuse me. 'Tis your royal father's mandate, and must be delivered. (*He goes out.*)

SERGEStan (*to Orixa.*) Kneel not thus, fair excellence. At any other time than this, I would be all attention; but at present, let me go. Indeed you must not think to hold me. It is true, I could for ever gaze enraptured on you: but in heaven itself, I should lie bound in torment, were I to partake of its enjoyments
with

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with that traitor. (*He forces from her and goes out.*)

ORIXA. Is there then no pity? Curses everlastingly pursue his steps!

AGENOR. Oh do not wrong him so. 'Tis I have merited your curses. I was false to my sworn friendship, when he named his passion; and am justly now to suffer. Had I only told him you were mine, he would have rather died than hurt his friend.

ORIXA. I have a thousand things to say; and yet, in spite of Sirius's compassion, death must stop my tale. Till five? Did he say so, Agenor?

AGENOR. Yes, till five: While, therefore, I am blessed with life, let me employ it! Fly to Sardis, fall upon your knee, and tell him our whole story.

ORIXA. 'Tis enough. Yes, I will go, and plead as if I were soliciting the gods for mercy. Achmet shall kneel likewise with me. Stratice shall bring the gentle baby from her house: meanwhile, pray you that I may prosper, and be satisfied with this farewell, till I come back again.

AGENOR. Stay not away, I charge you, longer than needs must.

ORIXA. I am myself upon the rack till I come back.

AGENOR. My heart goes with you. Oh that I could drown all thought in sleep, till you return.

SCENE

SCENE II. *The house of Sardis.*

SARDIS followed by SERGESTAN.

SARDIS (*aside.*) I could not have expected it; and will improve this circumstance, to rid my daughter of her love, by murder. 'Tis indeed a dreadful measure; but yet necessary, to prevent the effect of mercy, from the king's irresolution.

SERGESTAN. If, however, as you say, you had this intimation of their loves, why hide it at the court of justice? had you but done so, his guilt would have been manifest,

SARDIS. Too manifest. Without it, there was proof enough.

SERGESTAN. And can you pardon the offence of my misjudging love, when we were last together?

SARDIS. Speak not of it, prince; for then, as well as now, I was all wonder and compassion. Wonder, that your friendship fell not short of what the world informs us of, concerning Roman friendship; and compassion, that your friendship was so grievously misplaced.

SERGESTAN, Oh Sardis, what a friend did I not think him!

SARDIS. Heaven be praised, then, that has manifested his designs, and surely, heaven protects you likewise from the bitterest enemy to human

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human nature, since when you discovered not a rival only, but a murderer in your friend, he was not made to feel the indignation of a desperate lover.

SERGESTAN. He must die! what need of farther vengeance?

SARDIS. Yes; that I say myself. Those only that are fond of vengeance, push it farther than the grave. What need of vengeance farther than the grave. So say your lips, Sergestan: but your heart adds afterward, What need of any?

SERGESTAN. But in that case, I must lose Orixia.

SARDIS. And what then, Sergestan? Shall a foolish woman weigh against your honour?

SERGESTAN. Shall a foolish woman! What Orixia? Perish first my honour! I can never lose Orixia.

SARDIS. I am sorry to hear this; for to convince you how much heaven is interested in Agenor's safety, Sirus, I can tell you, may be wrought to save him. Be you then disposed to pardon, and on my part, I will move the king in his behalf.

SERGESTAN. But for Orixia?

SARDIS. Nay; you must not hope to have Orixia.

SERGESTAN. Is it then a sin to have recourse to any weapon when a lover fights with death, for I shall die without her?

SARDIS. 'Tis a bitter thought indeed! but
what

what should be too painful for your virtue ? Take my friendly counsel : ages yet unborn shall bleis your goodness ; and Agenor likewise, notwithstanding his attempt upon your life, shall shew he can be grateful, and inscribe upon your tomb :

“ Here lies the man who died to make me happy.”

SERGESTAN. Oh my tortured bosom ! could a dagger probe it with more pain ! Oh villain ! Monstrous villain ! vengeance overtakes you.

SARDIS. Vengeance ! Sirius, in his mercy, shall protect him from that vengeance.

SERGESTAN. Shall he live ? Shall meditated murder pass unpunished ? What then must become of me ?

SARDIS. Better a thousand times that murder should escape, than you, my prince, be guilty of it.

SERGESTAN. Ah ! then I be guilty of it ! I conceive your meaning ; and this moment he shall die, if you, good Sardis, will but aid me in it.

SARDIS. Save me from so great a crime ! I aid you in it ! Where will all this end ? I thought you mention'd murder. Yes, Agenor's murder : and my aim was to prevent your purpose.

SERGESTAN. He must live then.

SARDIS. And does heaven will otherwise ? or why did your resentments sleep when last you saw Agenor ? Heaven protects him surely ; or
the

the means you had for vengeance would ere this have stretched him breathless in the prison.

SERGEStan. (*after a pause*) Be it so then. It was I he injured: It shall, therefore, be my office to avenge it.—But what means this start of conscience? I am stopped. Some supernatural power obstructs my way. 'Tis the suggestion of my guilt: The guilt of murder! Did you say murder him?

SARDIS, You are distracted, and mistake my purpose. Would to heaven, Sergestan, he might live. I were a child, should I suppose an old man could excite you to that act from which you were dissuaded by the voice of honour. Only be yourself; and you must then remember that great epitaph I wished your tomb might have inscribed upon it.

SERGEStan. *Died to make him happy.* My betrayer! Once more I am whole; and will be satisfied with nothing less than vengeance.

SARDIS. For the sake of heaven!—

SERGEStan. Off.—Think not to hold me, I am all in flames, and comet-like spread ruin round me.—Hark.—It is the furies: they are howling for their prey. Bear me to vengeance then. I go to satisfy you; and Agenor dies this moment. (*going out*).

SARDIS, Excellent idiot! Why then go; nor let this madness leave you till the deed is perpetrated. Should remorse affect him, and he fail, the guilt and danger of it will not fall on me. Moroc besides is safe in prison, and his

keeper understands me, if I do but nod. He shall not die, however, till his life is dangerous to me. (*To Orixia, coming in*) Sad and weeping too, Orixia! Grant me patience, heaven. Through all Syria, there is not a soul but should rejoice at the discovery of Agenor's treason, and the justice that thus overtakes him.

ORIXA. Do not talk of justice, sir; he dies unjustly: but, if ever I were dear to you, use all the power you have to save me from the fate of dying likewise.

SARDIS. Are you then, Orixia, that say this?

ORIXA. You frown; but I have that within me, in comparison of which, your anger is not to be thought an evil. Oh, sir, let me charge you then to save Agenor, and me too, your child; for medicine will not lengthen out my days, if he must die. Save him, dear father, then; and if the gift of life may be allowed him, hence shall he depart from Syria to deserve it, and be banished from his friend for ever.

SARDIS. Rise to my embrace, dear child, and think me still your father. Need I call on heaven that you may know how much I love you? Let your love then be as great in my behalf; nor make me miserable by requiring what it is not in my power to grant you.

ORIXA. But I know you have authority to plead it strongly; and the all I can shall be exerted. If I fail, heaven must have mercy on me. Where is my dear Achmet? (*She goes on,*

out, and returns immediately with her infant.)
 I have a seraph, that shall supplicate you for me. Go then, gentle babe, lift up your little hands for mercy; hang upon his knee, and footh him from his sternness with your smiles that might disarm a tyrant. Fear him not, sweet innocent: he will not chide you from him. You are mine; but yet you share not my offences: he is harsh indeed to his own child, but will be good to you.

SARDIS. Heavens! What means this, Orixa?

ORIXA. Do not think his birth reflects dishonour on your name. I am his father's wife. If you forgive my secret marriage, and protect my child when I am in my grave, I shall expire with pleasure. Farewell then, poor babe, and never may you know the sorrows that oppress your mother.

SARDIS. Child of my old age! (*aside*) Oh, where is now Sergestan?

ORIXA. Surely you relent. If so, let me continue kneeling for my husband. Do not blame my love, for he deserves it. Yet the all I have to beg is that the father of your grand-child may be saved from death. Save him from death; and banish him for ever, if the king thinks fit. I will not murmur at it; but, resigned to my hard fortune, give him up; and when he turns his back on Syria, though we separate for ever —

SARDIS. Oh, my poor dear child, no longer
 10 L 2 wound

wound the heart of your relenting father with these sorrowful complaints! But fly this moment to the prison, and prevent a dreadful mischief menacing Agenor; for just now Sergestan left me, and in so much wrath, that should it last, he may attempt to slay him. Tell Agenor what a danger threatens him; and mention likewise to Sergestan, that for reasons of much greater weight than life and honour, I conjure him to proceed no farther, should he have resolved on any violence against Agenor. I myself will haste to Sirus, and make strong solicitation for his life as if it were my own.

ORIXA. Oh heavens!

SARDIS. Stay not, Orixia; but begone this moment.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Prison.*

SERGESTAN (*entering to Agenor, who is sleeping with his head upon a table, and a letter by him*). I am here, then; and as if heaven smiled upon my purpose, find him sleeping. Come then forth, (*drawing out a dagger*) and do it now; but soft! no noise; for should he wake, he would have time to pray for mercy, and my vengeance be half lost. But wherefore does my hand thus tremble? Why does my whole mass of blood flow back within me to my heart? and why

why am I thus troubled? I will step aside, and summon up my resolution.—When he wakes in anguish, I will howl for the Vengeance, and the Furies, in reply to his one groan; for he shall groan but once: and now I do it.—But what's this?—What's in this paper here? No doubt but the confession of his sins. Let me enjoy it. (*he reads*) “To my wife Orixia.” To his wife! Do I see clearly? To his wife, Orixia! Gracious heaven, if I am not in a dream, what will become of me? (*reads again*) “Where are you vanished. A few moments more, and all my sorrows will be over. If then I must never see you more, take my last counsel. After I am dead, think not unkindly of my friend Sergestan,”—Does he pray for me?—(*reads again*) “Be gracious to him, heaven; and on the scaffold, I will own your justice in my punishment; for had I but avowed my real situation, when he told me of his passion,”—This, I fear, will be the last of happy moments I shall ever see. If so, this dagger in my hand may still do justice. (*reads again*)—“told me of his passion, this had been prevented. Might I ask of heaven one blessing, it should be, Orixia, that your goodness listened to Sergestan: who, for my sake, would protect our helpless babe.”—Triple despair!—But he awakes; yet, I will finish, for tis now my punishment. (*reads again*) “I leave you in the hand of heaven; and for my child, the only legacy I have to give him is

a prayer,—(*seeing Agenor awake*) Oh heaven!
oh heaven!

AGENOR. What is this I see?

SERGESTAN. Oh horror! Oh Agenor! (*falling on the ground*).

AGENOR. Surely this is my Sergestan.

SERGESTAN. Strike me deaf, good heaven.

AGENOR. Yes: 'Tis himself; but why in this disorder? Why upon the ground!—A dagger too! Why do you groan? Why beat upon your bosom thus? Look up in pity, and speak to me. Speak to your Agenor, to the man that loves you.

SERGESTAN. To the man that loves me!

AGENOR. Yes; and with a mother's ardour of affection. Rise then, I conjure you, and inform me what disturbs your bosom.

SERGESTAN. Never.—Never, have I sworn within myself, to look on you again, most injured of mankind.

AGENOR. I am not injured. I conceive your meaning. If, in the despairing moment of your frailty, you have possibly proceeded to an action that now fills your heart with sorrow; weigh with that one fault my guilt, for I am the destroyer of my friend, whose heart I fear is breaking.

SERGESTAN. 'Tis in vain you seek to varnish my offences, ere you know them: when informed of their enormity, you will detest me. Surely, heaven inspired you to write that paper.

AGENOR. You are privy then to all that
causes

causes my affliction. Oh my gentle wife and lamb-like infant! will you, my dear prince, vouchsafe them to partake of your unbounded goodness, when the husband of the one and father of the other is for ever in the grave. If you but promise this, I shall be blest; and by that power who knows all human bosoms, I deserve your pity. For, although I apprehended the disclosure of my passion might deprive me of Orixá, yet the dreadful guilt of murder never came into my heart.

SERGESTAN. Can there be torture such as this I suffer? To a tyger, such as I am, can you think of giving up your lambs? In vain, their innocence would plead for safety, since excited to this act of vengeance, and even thirsting after blood, the blood that never wronged me, I came hither, horrid though it sound, to murder my Agenor.

AGENOR. Must I hear all this?

SERGESTAN. Do you not see my dagger?

AGENOR. Yes: but yet that cries not out against you. Rather it proclaims you are my friend. Yes, yes, it must be so; and I should bless you for it.

SERGESTAN. Bless me!

AGENOR, Yes, Sergestan; for confess, you came to snatch me from a shameful death; and tell me, it were better I should die by my own hand, than be exposed to an un pitying multitude. I thank your friendly counsel, and if innocence were not at present my defence, would use your friendly

friendly present at my heart, which still must die your debtor.

SERGESTAN. Would to heaven the case were so: but I came hither barbarously meaning to destroy you. Sardis, your good friend, with all that eloquence compassion can make use of, did his utmost to dissuade me; but whatever he could urge against this murder prompted me more strongly to perform it. I came here determined to complete my bloody purpose; but that paper, my dear friend, that paper,—

AGENOR. Think no longer of it: your remorse entitles you to my forgiveness. Look up therefore and behold me, with my arms thrown open to receive you. I lament and pity.—

ORIXA. (*without, and at a distance*) Sick with speed! Heaven guard my dear Agenor!

SERGESTAN. (*rising*) Whose may be that voice? I would not meet Orix!

AGENOR. (*holding him*) Think not you shall leave me?

SERGESTAN. Wherefore should I stay I dare not look upon her.

ORIXA. (*coming in*) Heaven defend my husband.

AGENOR. My Orix!

ORIXA. Are you well?

AGENOR. Can I be otherwise, when you are near me?

ORIXA. How then has the sword miscarried?

AGENOR.

AGENOR. In the hand of my good friend it could not hurt me.

ORIXA. In the hand of your good friend! Oh, guard against that serpent.

AGENOR. Give him not that name: the best among us may be tempted; but when brought again into the path of virtue, they draw profit from their error.

ORIXA. You are far too bountiful, and like the lamb that suffers in the cruel shambles, lick your murderer's hand.

AGENOR. No more of this; but with an eye of pity look upon Sergestan. Think of his distracted state: consider him deprived by fortune of a precious jewel; for this morning, ere we first met here, he looked on you, Orixas, as his own: Extending farther your consideration, after this imagine it was madness that compelled him hither on this business, and refuse him your compassion after, if you can.

ORIXA. If he deserved forgiveness.—

AGENOR. If?

ORIXA. Be not thus angry with me, when you know not what I would have said:—that if he merited forgiveness, heaven would put a key into his hand, wherewith the door of comfort might be opened to us.

SERGESTAN. Is it possible! Oh such intelligence is music to me: which way lies that door of comfort? Tell me, and though death oppose my passage, I will force it.

ORIXA. Sardis, won by my entreaties, supplicates

plicates the royal ear for mercy : hasten then, and fall before your father, if your friend, or even I be worth preserving.

SERGESTAN. I will fly to save you.

A MESSENGER. (*entering*) Sir, the warrant is arrived, commanding your immediate execution ; therefore be prepared for you must shortly suffer.

SERGESTAN. You have yet an hour before the expiration of it : look ere that to have good tidings. (*he goes out*)

ORIXA. Heaven succeed your suit. Oh my dear, dear, Agenor, I begin to have some hope. My father almost wept when I presented him his little grandson.

AGENOR. Yes, Orixas ; he is made of mercy : but if so much I am bound to thank his goodness, what is not my debt to heaven, that saved me from Sergestan's rage.

ORIXA. But how, Agenor ?

AGENOR. Seeing this same paper, I had written to you ; (for I had cause to fear you would not be permitted to compose my heart in dying, and on that account unburdened my sad soul on paper) Can I tell you what I suffered, while I thought you thus kept from me ? I despaired, till my affliction gained me some short respite in the arms of sleep : and it was then Sergestan came, intent, as he confessed, on thoughts of blood ; but in this paper reading you were really my wife, compunction stole into his bosom and disarmed him.

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THE MESSENGER. (*re-entering*) You are summoned.

AGENOR. I obey: meanwhile do you, Orixa, seek the shelter of your father. I have hope that every thing will yet be well. If you should have good tidings for me, come back hither, and my Achmet with you. His soft smiles shall cause a kind of morning in this midnight habitation. Till we meet again then, as I hope we shall, farewell.

ORIXA. I am resigned: and go, without despairing. Heaven make short our separation!

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

SIRUS and SARDIS.

SIRUS. No more: you hear his summons. If you urge his life, I spurn you from me. Shall the law be lulled asleep to please your daughter? I discern the motive to your mercy; but remember I too am a father, and the murderer of my son is doomed to die with justice.

SARDIS. (*aside*) How does not my guilt perplex me, when I dare not prove Agenor guiltless?

SERGESTAN. (*within*) Where is my father?

SARDIS. (*aside*) 'Tis the prince's voice: heaven prosper now my wishes!

SERGESTAN. (*coming in*) On my knees, sir, once more let me supplicate your justice; or
those

those sounds, that summon now Agenor to his fate, will summon me too.

SARDIS. (*aside*) He is safe then. Heaven I thank you!

SIRUS. Grant me patience! would you mock your father?

SERGESTAN. Yes I own how I have laboured to destroy him; but repenting of that crime, I come at present being pledged to save him.

SIRUS. 'Tis in vain you come, Sergestan. Could I now forgive him, it were cruelty to you. Once has his plot been disappointed, should he be permitted to renew it, heaven might punish our security by letting it succeed.

SERGESTAN. My life can never be so safe as in his keeping.

SIRUS. Hence and solicit me no farther. He *shall* suffer. Witchcraft certainly dwells in him; or Orixas, whose unhappy fortune I lament, would never have demeaned herself so low as to approve his passion.

SERGESTAN. So much you compassionate Orixas, that through her I will address your mercy. She is in reality his wife.

SIRUS. His wife! his wife?

SERGESTAN. Agenor's.

SIRUS. Do you hear this, Sardis, or are you struck deaf with wonder?

SARDIS. Such indeed has been my daughter's disobedience. They are married, which I knew not of, till to procure my pity, she revealed it.

SIRUS

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SIRUS. Married! My ideas are bewildered. Married did you say? I have, and have not heard you. Married? When you said so, did you mean Agenor?

SERGESTAN. Oh sir, ask not now these questions, but first save him. A poor friendless infant, were he here, and knew his father's danger, would plead with me, and lift up his little hands to make your pity certain.

SIRUS. (*going*) No more: his fate is now resolved upon, and he must die.

SERGESTAN. Stay then, sir, and hear me; for certainly he shall *not* die, while I have any strength remaining to prevent it.

SIRUS. What then would you do?

SERGESTAN. Fly instant to the place of execution, hew me out a passage through the croud, and save my friend or suffer with him. (*going out*)

SIRUS, (*To Sardis, who goes out*) Call him back. I have bethought me. At the hour of midnight. Grant, good heavens, it prosper. 'Tis a desperate expedient; but what step must be omitted if it lead but to Sergestan's safety. (*To Sergestan who returns with Sardis*) Once more, to convince you of my love, do I consent, Agenor shall be respited till morning: swear then, that provided proof appear not by such time that he is innocent, you will not afterwards address me in his favour.

SARDIS. (*aside to Sergestan.*) Close with the condition, prince, and for the rest rely on me.

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SIR-

SERGESTAN. And must I swear to such hard terms? It is however one night gained, and I accept your mercy.

SIRUS. Take my ring then, and prevent his fate. I will myself begone, and meditate in some close corner of my palace, brood in silence there, and curse the approach of morning. (*he goes out.*)

SERGESTAN. What have I now gained by following your advice, dear Sardis? Nothing but a few hours' respite.

SARDIS. I have something to propose; but now is every moment precious: I will therefore mention the affair as we proceed.

SERGESTAN. Till I know all I am unhappy.

SCENE III. *The Street.*

AGENOR, and Officers in Procession to Execution.
The Crowd behind them. [Torches]

OFFICER. Room for the criminal.

AGENOR. Is not my friend yet come? Then I must die. You therefore that come here to see me suffer, let me have your ear. I am a loyal subject, and on heaven thus call to multiply my sorrows, if I have but done the deed I am to die for.

CROWD. Peace there in the crowd.

AGENOR. Yet think not I desire my death—
should

should stir you up to vengeance : no ; nor may the gods impute to my betrayer his offence. To Sirus be you dutiful, and to Sergestan, loving. He is noble, and has all his father's virtues thick about him. Words would never tell you half the debt I owe him. He first found me in a state of poverty, and, by his father's kind indulgence raising my low fortune from that state, considered me his friend. Could I have been so guilty as to plot his death, I should not be so wretched as I am, at being in this manner separated from him.

CROWD. Pitiful sight !

AGENOR. Oh, ye immortals, pour down on his head your choicest blessings. Spare, too, my poor father's age, nor let this day's transaction, when he hears my story, weigh him down to death. He and my wife have my last prayers.

OFFICER. This is the last delay we have it in our power to grant you.

AGENOR. One more moment, sir, and I am then quite ready. After I have suffered, give this ring here to my wife. It is of virgin gold, and was her present. When she put it on my finger, Grow there, manacle of love, said she, and if your wearer should prove false, turn paler still, for you are stained as he is. Take it, then, good sir, and let her know it is an evidence, that to the last I was a loyal lover. Tell her, likewise, I can have no greater pledge of my unaltered passion, but my

precious babe. Let him be always precious to her, and, heaven's mercy will do all the rest.

OFFICER. She shall know this.—Lead on.

SERGEANT (*within.*) Where is he? bear me forward, winds; for mercy should be always swift. Let me but find the man I love, and with my tidings snatch him from the jaws of death. (*He appears*) Yes, yes, Agenor, you are safe: but, he sinks down. Support his head: and look here at this ring, which if you know it?

OFFICER. 'Tis the signet of the king, and countermands the prisoner's execution.

SERGEANT. Speak to me, my friend. Look at me.

AGENOR (*Reviewing a little.*) Whither have you taken me? The pains of death—

SERGEANT. Support him; he relapses. Talk not, thus, of death; for I am come to free you from it. Summon up your spirits,—but, he does not hear me. So that, officer, I must resign him to you; for the time is precious, and ere morning, much is to be done. When he revives, inform him my return shall be upon the wings of friendship; but, that now I have no time to waste in idle ceremony. (*He goes out.*)

OFFICER. Bend him gently forward: he resumes fresh colour. Lead back to the prison. This respite gives me joy.—Proceed, but slowly.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the prison.*

AGENOR.

THRICE have I been snatched from death. Through what inextricable mazes do not the great gods conduct mankind! what it may end in, I am ignorant, but not alarmed; since man's existence is for ever at the disposition of supernal goodness. My Orix! (*to Orix, entering with her child.*) Welcome! welcome! more so than the gift of unexpected light to blindness. Welcome you, too, my dear, smiling infant. Thus, as you are both embraced by your Agenor, my felicity would be complete were but my friend here too.

ORIXA. Compleat, indeed! and yet consenting to his absence, wish not he were here till he is ready to redeem you.

AGENOR. To redeem me! what may that word mean? I do not fully understand you.

ORIXA. I will tell the whole. It will be shortly midnight, when Sergestan will appear, to snatch you from this place.

AGENOR. To snatch me, you say?

ORIXA. To snatch you, or in vain will you outlive this night: for, Sirius respites you till morning, and no longer. Nay, he made Ser-

gestan swear when you were led once more to execution, he would never plead again in your behalf. This oath he will observe; and, therefore, to effect your rescue, he now brings along a band of desperate ruffians, got together in our neighbouring woods, with which he means to force the prison gates, and free you.

AGENOR. But the gates are strongly guarded.

ORIXA. That hindrance is removed; for, now, while we are speaking, are the guards drawn off; their captain being bribed by Sardis. This, my father bade me tell you. It was he contrived this project, when Sergestan had despaired of your delivery.

AGENOR. I approve it not. I shall bring ruin down upon the head of my dear friend: but—hark! what tread is that?

ORIXA. Tread! I heard none.

AGENOR. What, heard no noise? this way, it came. Hark; once again.

ORIXA. Now, now, I do indeed: a foot as if unknowing where it trod. It cannot be the prince.

AGENOR. It is the king. Retire: he must not see you here. Nay, loiter not. I will conduct you forth. Without, you may hear every thing we say. Lean on my arm. (*He puts her out with Achmet, and returns.*)

SIRUS (*entering, and speaking to an officer at the entrance.*) The guard drawn off! Strange negligence! Keep watch without, and suffer no one to approach.—Surely this place resembles

fembles what our poets feign of hell, where villains blush not at their crimes: but, here stands one, whose guiltiness the night around him cannot hide. — If shame will give you leave, look up and tell me who I am.

AGENOR. My king.

SIRUS. I have been more.

AGENOR. Ten thousand things besides, fumbled up in one; for, you have been a father to me.

SIRUS. And, against this king and father have you brandished the envenomed tongue of serpent-toothed ingratitude, and wounded me where only I was sensible of pain.

AGENOR. Let not my sovereign kill me with reproaches, much more grievous than those pains the morning will produce. A poniard would not be so cruel.

SIRUS. Look, then, at it here: the poniard you desire. Take it; and if you do but wish your sovereign should recover his lost peace, employ it, and preserve his son.

ORIXA (*rushing in with Achmet.*) Help! help! I can refrain no longer. Do not touch the sword.

SIRUS. Are you here, too, Orixas? Hence, and shun my sight; nor interrupt me in the kindness I come here to show: for, certainly, the gift deserves a welcome from the wretch condemned to die with torture.

AGENOR (*to Orixas.*) Be composed, and do not speak again. (*To Sirus*) Employ it, and preserve

preserve your son! How am I to preserve him so?

SIRUS. Dissembling villain, to ask, thus, what previously you know!—Restore me my unhappy son. Tell me, where your enchantments cause him, while we speak, to weather out the night, or, woe be to that execrable head!—And, yet, I should be calm. Employ my friendly present, then; so shall Sergestan think the suicide occasioned by your guilt, and pity you no longer.

AGENOR. No; by such a deed I should, indeed, be guilty,

The OFFICER (*entering in haste.*) Save yourself, dread sir. A desperate band of ruffians have attacked your guard, and borne down all resistance.—They approach.

AGENOR. Oh, haste and stay their hands. It is Sergestan leads them on.

SIRUS. Great heaven! Sergestan! Fly, and bid them sheath their swords, whatever the assailants mean.

The OFFICER (*withdrawing.*) Ho! 'Tis the king's pleasure that the guard throw down their swords, and cease the fray.

SERGESTAN (*entering with his party.*) They yield! Charge home upon them.—Oh, my friend and brother! I am come in happy time, at length, to set you free.—Assist me all of you. (*Seeing Sirus*) My father here!

SIRUS. Ungrateful! yes, I answer to that name: but, tell me, what *you* are?

SER-

SERGESTAN. No matter what ; for till the business I am come upon be done, I have no name.

SIRUS. To me this declaration ? Let paternal tenderness henceforth turn to gall ; and may the man be hung up for a fool, that shall adopt a child.

SERGESTAN. Take back your odious gift ; and let me have again that peace I was possessed of, when I thought myself Agenor's friend and brother, rather than your son. What fruits have your adoption yielded ? Would to Heaven I had never seen your hateful court, for it has ruined me.

AGENOR. Thus let me kneel upon the ground before the king and you, Sergestan. Make not me the cause of such unnatural strife between your father and yourself : for, rather far, than I should be the cause of such a contest, tis my wish to die.

ORIXA. If you are just, do not regard his wish : his sufferings make him mad. You are yourself a father. Let me therefore sooth you into mercy by a mother's name. My little Achmet, too, shall join me. Turn not thus away ; for all take pity on the lamb, except the wretch that sheds his blood : but you are no such wretch : be kind, then, to our lamb ; and when we live far distant from Aleppo, he shall pass his days in prayers for blessings on you, making it the whole employment of his life. No need of toil for bread, the gods, that feed not only the
large

large ostrich, but replenish the whole air about us with innumerable little atomies to nourish the small fly, shall feed him for it.

SERGESTAN. Can you hear all this unmoved? Enchantment surely dwells within these walls, converting every bosom into flint: but I will break the charm.—And therefore let his chains this moment be knocked off.—Obey, or with this sword of mine, will I make horrid massacre among you.

SIRUS. Let *me* know your wish; for though my bosom bleeds through your ingratitude, still will it throb with all a father's fondness; so that rather than your life should be endangered by the sword, whose point has been just now diverted from your breast, I will grant every thing. What do you wish for?

SERGESTAN. Life for my Agenor and myself.

SIRUS. Then he is free; and for myself, what I can give, receive. Be happy, but, in future, never see me more.

ALL. Long live the king!

AGENOR (*looking at Sergestan.*) Ha! he is fainting, sure! away with your vain cares.—What means this sudden change?

SERGESTAN. Sudden indeed! I have not strength sufficient left me to fall prostrate at my father's feet, and thank him.

AGENOR. Sure you are not wounded?

SERGESTAN. Deeply, deeply.

SIRUS.

SIRUS. Fly for instant help: my crown to any one that saves him.

SERGESTAN. Call not for assistance. It would now be useless. My sollicitude enabled me to bear the anguish of my wound, till I had gained the blessing I desired, ; and as a messenger delays the time of his departure for some secret of importance to him, so too did my spirit wait within me for Agenor's pardon. It has gained it, and will now be gone.

SIRUS. Oh, my unhappy son!

AGENOR. Dearest of men, you have undone me. Would to heaven I had died before this rescue. It will kill your father's spirit.

SARDIS. (*entering.*) Wherefore this alarm that wakes the sleeping city? (*Looking at Sergestan.*)

SERGESTAN. Even as you see.—The issue of your council comes to this.

SIRUS. What was it he, then, that advised this project?

SERGESTAN. If it were—I mean not to upbraid him. Could he possibly conjecture the conclusion?

SIRUS (*stabbing Sardis.*) Monster, hence! and in the realms beneath, impart your odious counsel.

SARDIS (*falling.*) Save me, heaven!

SERGESTAN. What have you done?

ORIXA. Alas, my father's slain!

SIRUS. That in the other world, my son, you may speak favourably of this deed, I can
with

with ease excuse it. On his head, lies all the guilt and sorrow of this day. For, had not he stepped in, and steeled my heart to mercy, I should certainly have yielded to your tears.

SARDIS. I have been guilty, not alone of this, but more. Send, fend, for Moroc. Heaven, in flaming characters, writes up my crimes upon the wall, and I am dying very fast. Send, then, for Moroc, and let him say what he knows, while I do every thing I can to make my peace with heaven, that have accused the man that never fought Sergestan's life.

SIRUS. Run, officer and fetch him. (*To Agenor, offering to speak*) I divine what you would say. Yet speak not. 'Tis an unavailing task: unless, indeed, you have the power to snatch Sergestan from a timeless death. That you are guiltless of conspiring to abridge his life, will not alleviate my sorrows; for he dies, and that you did not kill him, is a matter of indifference to me.

SERGEStan. Turn, Agenor; and before I breathe out my last breath, look at me. Heaven can tell how I rejoice in the idea that your innocence and virtue are at last made plain. That Sardis should have thus accused you, seems most strange. Give me your hand.—Except one circumstance; oh, pardon that, Agenor, I have lived at all times like your friend, and so now let me die.—Support my aching head.—Alas, I fear I shall not have sufficient life to

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hear this mystery unfolded—but I think I hear them coming.

AGENOR. And I too: repose yourself on me.

SERGESTAN. I do, I do.

SIRUS. (*to Moroc, entering guarded.*) You tremble; and may well do so, since you have perpetrated such a deed. See how heaven punishes your guilt already; and provided you would meet with mercy at our hands, would you tell every thing you know.

MOROC (*trembling.*) Oh heaven! I will, I will.

SARDIS. As what the moor can say, reflects no sort of guilt upon himself, I will become my own accuser, by interrogating him, and that way merit some degree of mercy at the hand of heaven. Say, therefore, who first put you on this deed? Speak to the king.

MOROC. My master that lies there.

SARDIS. Were you instructed to assassinate the prince? or how?

MOROC. I was directed only to use threats, and find out, if I could, some circumstance to transfer the guilt upon the head of his dear friend. Unluckily, Agenor seized Sergestan's sword, which I declared was meant that with more probable success I might attack the prince.

SARDIS. As I must die so shortly, he speaks truth. But, what prettexts did I assign to justify the deed?

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AGENOR.

AGENOR. I neyer gave you cause.

SARDIS. I did all this to cut you off, and get Sergestan access to Orixas heart.

SERGESTAN. Oh, now I die. My spirit is just ready on the wing, and will not tarry for the rest of this dark story. Oh, sir, for my sake, forgive these partners in my fault. Orixas friend, and father, oh, farewell. (*dies*)

OFFICER. Look, there, to the king.

SARDIS. What is Sergestan dead?

ORIXA. Waste not your spirits thus with speaking, but repose upon my arm.

SARDIS. To justify your father, hear, Orixas, my last words. I thought to see you on a throne, but when informed Agenor had your heart already, I began to hate him. Had you only owned your marriage, this, alas, would have been then prevented.—Was it well to trifle with your father thus? Do not however weep, since I forgive the offence.

SIRUS. Unpitying Sardis! Heaven in future shall be just.

SARDIS. If heaven must curse, let those dissembling priests be cursed, who, for the sake of lure, forged this prophecy. The poor and abject, who want gold to buy oblations, never yet were menaced with such impious omens: let this day's misfortunes be ascribed to them. Their lying conjurations have robbed Sirus of his son, and me of—oh—

AN OFFICER. (*entering*) An aged man with travelling, as he says, exhausted, craves admission,

tion, having something of the weightiest import he would fain deliver to you. Shall we give him entrance?

SIRUS. Do as you think proper. (*looking at Sergestan.*) Oh my tortured heart! Have you for ever left me? Would to heaven, my son, I had expired before you.

PHAREL. (*entering.*) Where is my dear son? lead, lead me to him! Ah, just what I feared! he is no more.

SIRUS. Peace, babbling idiot!

AGENOR. Oh, my dear, dear father!

SIRUS. Hence; for now I recollect you. Would to heaven.—

PHAREL. Forbear these transports. You will very quickly pity me. 'Tis I have lost my child. Him lying here I claim, who has too dearly suffered for his father's folly. Do not then disturb my sorrows. This I am embracing was my son, and he is dead.

AGENOR. Surely my father raves, and does not see me.

PHAREL. Hence. I do not know you. And to save me in my sorrows from all importunity, uncover your right arm, and just below the elbow, will appear what Sirus will be charmed with.

AGENOR. What! the pine-leaf stain my mother longed for at my birth?

SIRUS. Speak that once more.

AGENOR. The pine-leaf stain below my elbow?

SIRUS. And have you a mark like that ?

AGENOR. I have.

SIRUS. By heaven, I charge you, let me see it.

AGENOR. (*uncovering his arm.*) Here, on my right arm.

SIRUS. And do my eyes see clearly then ?

SARDIS. A pine-leaf on his arm !—What mystery is now unfolding ?

SIRUS. Sardis, as you wish to merit heaven, inform me, if my child, to your remembrance, had not such a mark.

SARDIS. He had. I saw it, when he came into the world.

PHAREL. Even so ; and that child was Agenor there. Your queen, his mother, thinking him not safe, though hid in our retreat, without consulting you, and anxious that her child should, at the price of every sacrifice, be screened from danger, tampered with us for a change of children ; to which change, in our ambition, we consented ; and our son was afterwards brought up as yours.

SIRUS. Say that again, if you would make me happy.

PHAREL. Would to heaven I could not ; but (*uncovering Sergestan's arm*) this arm, you may observe, has not that mark.

SIRUS. It has not. And indeed, recurring to past time, I recollect my queen upon her death-bed hinted something of this matter, which the attendants

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attendants round her thought she spoke in her delirium, and on that account regarded not.

PHAREL. As soon as the report of this intended murder reached my neighbourhood, I framed the resolution to divulge the secret, and set out to gain the city; whither, after six long hours of painful travel, I am come, and this sad sight alone has heaven reserved to welcome my arrival.

ORIXA. Dear, dear father, if your death must after this ensue, I never shall be happy.

SARDIS. 'Tis but justice I should suffer; for Agenor's birth-right being thus discovered, my ambition, I am sensible, would have been fully gratified in your advancement to a throne, but for the treachery I employed! Oh, my Orixas, may heaven bless you.—May it doubly bless you, in yourself and in your offspring. Pardon me, Agenor, as you wish my murder should not fall upon the king. Moroc is innocent. Forgive me, heaven. (*he dies.*)

SIRUS. Oh pardon me too, heaven, if my transports suit not with this house of death; for I have found my son. Come to my arms, and let me meet you with a father's fondness, thanking heaven that frustrated the means I practised to become, what for these seventeen years I feared I should be, childless: but I see you are still fettered. Be it then your wife's glad part to free you. Stoop and help her.

ORIXA. Oh my lord and husband!

AGENOR. Take me both. You as a faithful spouse,

spouse, and you too as a loyal son ; behold here too your little image in that child with which the gods have blessed us.

SIRUS. And is this the pretty innocent that would through me have almost been an orphan, had not heaven diverted my injurious purpose. Surely eloquence dwelt on his tongue, when, like a mole, proceeding in the dark, I dug to find destruction ; or the gods would certainly have made me the most wretched of all creatures crawling on the earth. Grow up, my little charmer, in the virtues of your mother. From no king can you receive a better fortune.

AGENOR. What can I reply ? or how give credit to this change of fortune on one hand ? or on the other, to the truth of this sad sight ?
(*looking at Sergestan.*)

SIRUS. He shall be solemnly interred ; for he was called my son : and, good old man, the counsel I would not receive myself, yet will I recommend to you. Let your affliction for the loss of such a son be stayed, when you reflect that virtue such as his cannot expire with mortal nature. To his memory a monument shall be erected, and his story handed down for unborn generations to peruse it, and resemble him in virtue.

AGENOR. Over it my tears shall be poured out ; nor till one compass of the sun hath been performed, will I admit one thought of any thing excepting friendship here.

ORIXA. I am a woman, and yet blame not,
but

but applaud, your piety. Be it as you have said; and that I may not be outdone, that year I will devote to be consumed in sorrow for my father here. Our mourning being past, we shall be happier, having ceased to love for such good purposes.

SIRUS. Nor will I be less liberal of my tears; for seeing this, my heart informs me I have done amiss. Prayer must wash out the action from that book in which it is enrolled: and that my word may be the better kept, I will resign my sceptre to these two, and with your age (*to Pharel.*) retiring from the cares of state, look up for happiness to them in common with their other subjects. Come away.



